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That Russian Alliance

If you believe the London dispatches, England, Russia and France over the week-end of May 28 were on the brink of signing a firm tripartite agreement which, practically speaking, would restore Europe to the system of alliances of 1914. The dispatches from Moscow were a good deal more reserved, although they, also, indicated that a final agreement was in sight. We shall attempt no extended discussion of the consequences of such an agreement until it is signed and we know its terms. It is well to remember that Mr. Chamberlain bitterly dislikes the Soviet Union. If he could, he would still greatly prefer to come to terms with the Germans, and it is only Hitler's complete intransigence that prevents him from doing so. Even now, the attempt at appeasement still goes on; there are signs that another Munich is being arranged in regard to Danzig. The great emphasis which British official circles lay on the Russian agreement smacks a little of propaganda, as though they were trying to force Hitler to a last desperate bid. A solid alliance of England, France and Soviet Russia would certainly much reduce the immediate danger of war in Europe; and for that very reason we should be careful not to assume such an alliance until it actually comes into being.

Mr. Hull on Neutrality

There were no surprises in the administration policy on neutrality enunciated by Secretary Hull on May 27. His proposals turn out to be practically the Pittman cash-and-carry plan. He would abolish the arms embargo; keep American vessels and citizens out of war zones; transfer to foreigners the title to goods for export before they left our shores; prohibit loans and credits to belligerents; supervise the solicitation of gifts for them, and retain the Munitions Control Board. The administration of course assumes that France and England will control the Atlantic in the next big war and that therefore this policy, which sounds impartial, will really aid the "democracies" against the Fascist aggressors. There seems little likelihood, however, that the administration will get its way, at least for the present. No one has any relish for a furious battle on neutrality as the session of Congress draws to a close, and the weather outside the Capitol and the tempers inside are both above blood heat. Moreover, the so-called isolationists, who fear that President Roosevelt is signing a series of blank checks to make sure that we shall be in the next war from the very start, are prepared to filibuster week after week to keep the arms embargo from being dropped.

The Sinking of the "Squalus"

What is there to say about the tragedy of the "Squalus"? The men were heroic; they always are. The cause of the tragedy at first seemed inexplicable; it always does. The whole nation followed the story with the deepest sympathy; this is invariably true. The grim final fact is that submarines are dangerous. They exist for military reasons only and will disappear if the world ever reaches the degree of sanity to permit it.

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Meanwhile, we may expect another "Squalus" episode every few years and must chalk it up against the fact that man is not yet a civilized animal.

The Charges Against Negrín

Luis Araquistain, once the Spanish Republican ambassador to France, is well known to have been out of sympathy with the Negrín government, like others of the group around ex-Premier Largo Caballero. Now he has written his charges for the press. Sr. Araquistain makes two basic accusations from which most of the others spring. First, he declares that Dr. Negrín and his close associates seized control of the Republican government in the interests of Moscow and the Communists, not of Spain. Second, he says they were responsible for losing the war, partly by inefficiency, partly by intent, and he suggests that Moscow did not want the Republic to win. Setting aside the indignant rejection of these statements by many people who closely followed the war or participated in it, we may question their mutual consistency. If Negrín "captured" the Republic for the Communists, is it credible that he did so to throw it away again? Or if the Communists and Moscow and Negrín wanted the war lost, then why did they capture the government to lead it for two more years of desperate resistance?

Dissension Comes After Defeat

For both these charges to be true, Dr. Negrín must have carried out a deception that was gigantic indeed. But did he not in fact demonstrate great energy and capacity as a statesman? Did not every one of his public utterances rouse his people to greater enthusiasm and more determined effort? Once it is acknowledged that Dr. Negrín fought his hardest to win the war, then why should he not have supplanted Caballero? The latter's fall, as Araquistain himself writes, was brought about by the refusal of ministers of three parties to serve any longer in his Cabinet. And the reason they gave for refusal was that Caballero was not prosecuting the war with sufficient vigor.

There were many differences among the Republicans of various parties and programs. It was one of the most remarkable achievements of the Negrín government that to so great an extent it was able to overcome them and hold together even men in such basic disagreement with it as Sr. Araquistain—at least so long as there was any hope of victory. There were inefficiency, incompetence and treason within the Republic. It would have been a great wonder if a country at war had been free of them. But we think history will confirm the judgment that Dr. Negrín stood as well as one man could stand for unity and faith in the victory of the Spanish Republic. The war wasn't lost on the Ebro; it was lost on the Seine and the

The Canada They Didn't See

While the King and Queen have been visiting Canada there is one spectacle which, you may be sure, has been kept from them. It is the sight of about 100,000 unemployed who are close to the brink of starvation. Canada takes care of unemployed married men the year round; she takes care of single men in the winter, giving them work most of which is paid at the rate of a few cents an hour. But during the late spring, summer and early fall, they are given no assistance, presumably on the theory that they should be compelled to seek work as agricultural laborers. In many cases, however, this is impossible. In June, 1938, a group of these unemployed single men occupied an art gallery and the post office in Vancouver, to let the public know that they were starving. Aided by donations of food from sympathizers, they held out for about a month until the mounted police assaulted them with tear-gas bombs and clubs and drove them out. Now it is summer again. It would be a miracle if His Majesty the King had been permitted to learn of the plight of these thousands of his subjects. The King is allowed to see only the smiling surface of his realm.

Who Is Behind Moseley?

Some interesting stories are being circulated regarding international tie-ups of the American fascist groups recently brought into the limelight again by the Dies Committee, and discussed by Roy Tozier in his article, "Moseley of the Fifth Column," in this issue. From California we hear reports of elaborate activities by Baron Manfred von Killinger, who preceded Captain Fritz Wiedemann as German Consul General in San Francisco. The story is that Baron von Killinger helped to set up American fascist groups on the theory that at the right moment, they could be used to aid German policies. Another international connection was mentioned by one of the American fascist leaders, George Deatherage, in his testimony. Deatherage said there are international liaison headquarters in Rome, directed by a man named Colsocchi, and implied that the Italian alliance meant the unofficial coöperation of Catholics in the "war against international communism." "One more defacing of a Catholic Church in New York," Deatherage said, "will mean 750,000 Irishmen on the rampage."

Either or both of these stories may be true, but neither, in our opinion, has to be taken very seriously. It is most unlikely that the motley fascists in America are linked together in a coördinating plot or that their activities are directed from either Rome or Berlin. In fact, the intrinsic danger of these organizations is probably slight. American fascism, if it comes, will be better packaged. We have always gone in hard for vigilantism, secret orders (preferably with resplendent

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religious, anti-race campaigns before. Probably the tiny Führers in the Moseley plot began as individual publicity-seekers, messiahs or extortionists. It is likely that they formed their allegiances after they had made some local notoriety for themselves.

The New Textile Union

The convention of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, setting up a new national body, the Textile Workers' Union, signalizes the fact that the work of the Committee has been so successful that the organization of operatives in the mills can now go ahead largely under its own steam. The TWOC, like the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, was a device used by the CIO to carry on the developmental task in a wide and difficult field where the union having technical jurisdiction was too small and weak to do the job itself. An agreement was made between the TWOC and this union—the United Textile Workers—temporarily to pass the executive responsibility over to the Organizing Committee. This body, of which Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers is chairman, has poured large sums of money and skilled personnel into the job, with substantial results. A minor incident was the recent defection of Francis J. Gorman, ex-president of the United Textile Workers, who tried to lead his organization back into the AFL—but succeeded in taking over only the name and a few unimportant locals. The great majority of the officers and the rank and file remained with the CIO and now have a new and powerful union of their own. It still has to win important cotton mills in the South, but it is well established in the silk, rayon and woolen industries, and even in the cotton districts of the North.

The Seamen Get a Break

Tankers tie up in out-of-the-way corners, much of their liquid cargo is sold to big companies that won't join boycotts of "hot" oil, and the companies that own tankers often own other ships in different parts of the world whose crews can be brought in for emergency strikebreaking. For these and other reasons, the National Maritime Union has been having a hard fight in its strike against the big East Coast tanker operators. And until recently even the fact that the union had pulled more than 90 percent of the experienced sailors off the ships was to some extent overcome by the hiring of inexperienced and unqualified scabs.

The companies reckoned without the federal laws for safety at sea, which in previous strikes have been laxly and ineffectively enforced until the strike was over. But last week, after Secretary of Commerce Harry Hopkins had ordered an investigation, the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation fined five companies a total of $50,000, and ordered that the captain of one ship appear to show cause why his master ing a ship to sea in violation of personnel safety laws. We don't think $50,000 will put a big hole in the budgets of Standard Oil of New Jersey, Socony-Vacuum Company, Tidewater Associated Company, C. D. Mallory and Company and Malsten Company, but if these laws are strictly enforced from now on the tankers won't be able to sail. Law and order—as the operators will no doubt find it hard to admit—are on the side of the strikers.

Medicine on a New Frontier

Some of the most important advances of mankind are those that are least heralded, and among these a highly significant one is now occurring on the frontiers of medicine. It is signalized by the establishment of a new scientific periodical—Psychosomatic Medicine—of which the second issue has just come from the press, and which is sponsored by the National Research Council. For many years the attention of medical research has been directed toward specific symptoms and diseases, and toward specific chemical or mechanical cures for them. Many important ailments, however, do not yield to this kind of attack. It has been noted that among those that now stand highest as causes both of mortality and incapacity are illnesses in which there is an important emotional component. The point of view of psychosomatic medicine is that what is sick, in many cases at least, is not *either* the mind *or* the body, but the whole person, who reveals his sickness in mental or physical symptoms or both at once. The new journal is devoted to scientific studies of the many interesting interrelationships that are being discovered between emotional life and bodily processes, and their bearing upon medical practice. At present the ailments in which such relationships are principally being explored are cardiovascular diseases, gastro-intestinal diseases, accidents, asthma, diabetes and skin troubles, but the field is almost inexhaustible.

Johns Hopkins Loses

Johns Hopkins University has suffered a serious loss in the resignation of Professor Broadus Mitchell, associate professor of Economics. Dr. Mitchell has been one of the most widely known and respected members of the Johns Hopkins faculty. He is also an outstanding progressive, having at one time run for Governor of Maryland on the Socialist ticket. It is known that for a long time Dr. Mitchell has felt that the administration at Johns Hopkins was unnecessarily conservative, particularly in barring Negroes from the Graduate School and from that of Hygiene and Public Health. There is some reason to believe that the university authorities objected to Dr. Mitchell's progressive views on politics. His resignation adds another to a list that is beginning to be much too long, of distinguished scholars who have either been retired or have

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misses anybody from its faculty; classes go on, athletics continue, and students sing of alma mater just as lustily as before. Nevertheless it is true that the loss of a free-ranging, courageous spirit from a faculty is irreparable; two or three such men can make all the difference between a great university and a glorified high school.

Spaniards Mustn't Read

In case you have forgotten how the Fascists feel about literature, here is a partial list of the authors whose work has been prohibited by the latest edict in Franco's Spain: Blasco Ibañez, Valle Inclán, Unamuno, Alexander Dumas, Anatole France, John Dewey, Sigmund Freud, Francisco Giner de los Rios, Tolstoy, Pérez Ayala, Flaubert and Goethe. Spain's winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1922, Jacinto Benavente, recently sent his medal and some other belongings to the Swedish Royal Academy for safe keeping. Benavente, who is seventy-three, is reported to be confined in a concentration camp at Alicante.

Galligan is O. K.

We note with pleasure a change in the attitude of public heroes. In the fairly good old days Nathan Hale said he regretted that he had only one life to give for Uncle Sam—a stirring sentiment, but one more than faintly tinged with self-importance. Lord Nelson's "Kiss me, Hardy, ere I die, for I am mortually wounded," was another good line, but definitely in the tradition that is passing.

Charles Augustus Lindbergh must be given the credit for shifting the mood of one-line statements with his classic "I am Charles A. Lindbergh," when he stepped out of the "Spirit of St. Louis" at Le Bourget. Since then Fred Perry ("I've always wanted to be a golfer") and Douglas Corrigan ("I got headed the wrong way") have helped carry the tradition of understatement along. We think the trend reached a magnificent peak last week. Robert Galligan, thirty-seven, a bootleg coal miner of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, had been trapped for three days at the bottom of a seventy-five-foot caved-in shaft. The rescue squad dug feverishly to within about four feet of him, and forced through a length of pipe. "Galligan, how are you?" they shouted into the tube. "O.K.," said Galligan. "How are you?"

News Notes of a Week

In another attempt to assume belligerent rights without declaring war—in this case the right of blockade—Japanese officials declared all ships in the vicinity of the Chinese coast would be subject to search. They indicated that war materials would be confiscated. British ships had already been held. . . . The Chinese army reported that in Hupeh and Honan Provinces they had driven the Japanese gains in the area last May. The Chinese reported successful attacks near Nanchang in Kiangsi Province, in western Shansi and in the south near Siho. . . . Japanese airplanes bombed Chungking again, causing heavy casualties. . . . Soviet Russia's biggest budget to date was submitted to the Supreme Soviet by the Council of People's Commissars. Military expenditures will be increased 66 percent over last year, to more than forty billion rubles (somewhere between two and eight billion dollars).

A strike of 15,000 men at the Briggs automobile-body plant, with 55,000 more idle as a result, was caused, the United Automobile Workers said, by the company's refusal to discuss thirty grievances, including the firing of union men. Homer Martin attempted to bring his rump union into the negotiations, but refused the UAW's offer of a plant election to see which union represents the majority. . . . The United Mine Workers of America won the union shop and exclusive collective-bargaining rights in a new two-year contract with the anthracite coal operators, covering 100,000 miners. . . . The annual election of the New York College Teachers' Union resulted in the defeat of the insurgent slate led by Professor George W. Hartmann of Teachers' College, Columbia. . . . Fritz Kuhn was indicted by a New York County grand jury and arrested on charges of stealing $14,548 from the German-American Bund, the organization of which he is "Führer."

Tom Girdler Goes to Court

WHEN A FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT, in the Apex Hosiery case, fined the Hosiery Workers' Union triple damages of $711,932.55 under the Sherman anti-trust law, we pointed out that this decision, if upheld, would be ruinous to unions and collective bargaining. Apparently the leading anti-union forces in the country are of the same opinion, for the Republic Steel Company, of which Tom M. Girdler is president, has lost little time in filing suit under the same act against various individuals and organizations for damages of $7,500,000, or triple the actual monetary loss that is claimed, on account of the unsuccessful strike to bring "Little Steel" within the collective-bargaining fold.

The hosiery strike was a sit-down, but it was not principally for that reason that the damages were assessed in the former case. The strike was judged by the court a "conspiracy in restraint of trade," and since illegal acts—including the sit-down—were found to have been committed during the strike, and loss was caused to the employer, the judge fined the union just as if it were a profit-seeking concern seeking illegally to drive competitors out of business. The Little Steel strike was not a sit-down at all, but Republic Steel asserts that illegal acts were committed by the strikers

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who conducted the strike must pay the damages caused to the company as a result of the stopping of production. Under the Sherman Act, such damages, if awarded by a court, are automatically tripled. Naturally, the imposition of enormous penalties like this are enough to destroy or cripple any labor organization. No union would dare to attempt organization of new fields or assist strikes if any possible illegal act that might occur during the controversy could be held by the courts a reason for such penalties.

Consider the record of Republic Steel in this case. The Wagner Act declared the policy of the United States to be in favor of collective bargaining between employers and unions of the employees' own choosing. It provides penalties against employers who declined so to bargain. In obedience to the law, the United States Steel Corporation and the bulk of the industry conferred with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee and signed contracts with it peaceably. Republic Steel, however, defied both the union and the law of the United States by refusing to do so. In the ensuing strike, peaceful demonstrators near one of its plants in South Chicago were attacked by the police and many were killed and wounded. The moving pictures taken of this disgraceful affair were a national sensation. Though Girdler and his allies stubbornly fought the strike through and defeated it, the National Labor Relations Board subsequently found him in the wrong and ordered the discharged union men reinstated with back pay. Girdler refused, and this case is still pending in the courts. He is now demanding enormous damages from labor because labor dared to attempt to enforce its right under the law. Cynical contempt for government by big business could scarcely go further.

This new suit emphasizes the importance of reversing the District Court's decision in the Apex case and removing labor in its collective-bargaining activities from any liability under the anti-trust laws—which it was never intended labor should bear. Senator George W. Norris has recently issued a ringing letter on this subject. "This decision," he writes, "if allowed to stand, means the destruction and ruination of organized labor, and the nullification of all the laws and decisions of our courts that have upheld labor in its right to organize for collective bargaining and for its protection against organized monopoly.

"The Sherman Act," he says, "was not intended to apply and cannot properly be applied to the activities of trade unions." Declaring that legislation of the past several years ended all possibility of interpreting trade-union activities as conspiracy within the meaning of the Sherman Act, he said, "Congress has declared that not only do we not outlaw collective bargaining, but that, instead, we approve and desire to encourage such activities." Senator Norris predicts that the Supreme Court will reverse the judgment. There is no greater

Mr. Morgenthau Proposes

IN LAST WEEK'S NEW REPUBLIC we suggested that the whole taxation policy of the United States be restudied, by a well financed special Commission. Forty-eight hours after our issue went on sale Secretary Morgenthau, testifying before the House Ways and Means Committee, went a long way toward the same suggestion. He proposed that the taxing and appropriating committees of both Houses should meet in joint session at frequent intervals to study taxation questions on the broadest possible basis. He also suggested that a small group of experts be assembled to look into the conflicting demands of federal, state and local taxation. If such a commission did its work conscientiously there is no phase of the taxation question into which it would not look.

Mr. Morgenthau made some specific recommendations which seem to us good and which obviously need no further study. He recommended that we should imitate the British example and permit business losses and profits over a period of years to be bracketed together, instead of treating each year as though the world would come to an end at its close. He opposed the further issuance of tax-exempt securities. He properly argued in favor of greater direct taxation and fewer indirect imposts, such as sales taxes, which bear most heavily on the poor. He urged changes in the contributions to old-age pensions. On all these matters there seems to be little difference of opinion.

Mr. Morgenthau was on different and more dubious ground when he urged that the undistributed-profits tax should be dropped as well as the capital-stock tax and its related excess-profits tax. The chief reason the undistributed-profits tax is ineffective is because it has already been sabotaged by Congress. Mr. Morgenthau seems to argue that this was a good tax but got a bad name. If he believes in it, he should stick to his guns, and so should President Roosevelt, who has approved the Morgenthau program. In this part of his recommendations, Mr. Morgenthau seems to be throwing a psychological sop to the business men, and we should like to warn him that it won't work. Business can't have both reduced taxes and a balanced budget.

Business spokesmen talk as if there were no money available for investment; they complain either that the government takes it away by taxes or makes business enterprise so unattractive that people with capital just sit on their money bags. Many economic theorists, however, point out that the main trouble is rather with the markets for goods that new investment would produce. Demand for these goods is not active enough to encourage the construction of new productive capacity—not because consumers do not want them, but because consumers do not have enough money to

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then the proper remedies are the exact opposite of those demanded by organized business. Profit margins on units of product would seem to be too wide rather than too narrow; prices ought to be lower and wages higher; and tax reform should be aimed at more equal distribution of income rather than the reverse.

The Slums Begin to Fall

THE UNITED STATES HOUSING AUTHORITY is now eighteen months old, and this seems to us a good moment to review its activities. How much has it spent, what have we got to show for it, and was this adventure into housing a good idea?

The first appropriation of the USHA was $800,000,000, but a lack of annual-grant funds necessitated keeping loans to local authorities down to $650,000,000. All of this money was earmarked some time ago. The Authority could have made even greater speed if it had not set out to insure low rents, low construction costs and the maximum amount of local responsibility at the same time.

In these eighteen months, housing bodies set up locally have increased from 46 to 235. Enabling legislation has been passed in thirty-eight states, five of which —Washington, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Missouri —are very recent converts. Work is in progress on projects in 157 localities, which will rehouse about 150,000 families, or about 600,000 people. At present, 45 projects are actually under construction. Of these thirty are one and two-story apartments with "row houses"; three are three-story apartments; and two, in New York City, are six-story apartment houses. Next month, four of these projects will be opened for use, in Austin, Buffalo, Jacksonville and New York City, and from that time on, they will begin to pop out all over the country with great rapidity.

Both as to cost of construction and rents to be charged, these projects will break all records for economy. The average "shelter rent" per month per dwelling will be only $13.25 in Buffalo, $10.58 in Jacksonville and $7.65 in Austin. For the entire program over-all cost will be well under $5,000 per dwelling. If the cost of buying old slum buildings is excluded, as it should be, the average comes down to $4,500. In private business, housing costs are often figured without land, overhead, architect's fees and equipment, in which case the Housing Authority's average is actually $2,966. This is about $1,000 less per dwelling than the average cost of private residential construction on a comparable basis in the same communities in 1938. The achievement is all the more amazing when you realize that much of the private construction is the

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been kept so low that people on WPA and even some on home relief can and will be able to pay them. The USHA, almost unique among housing ventures, is actually living up to the ideal that is always set for such enterprises, but hardly ever carried out: it is providing new homes for slum dwellers.

While the Housing Authority has begun a magnificent job with its first appropriation, that job is far from ended. These projects will rehouse about 150,000 families, or 600,000 people, but in the United States there are possibly seven or eight million low-income families, or about 30,000,000 people, who are either living in physically substandard houses (even under a rigid definition of that term) or are overcrowded or "doubled up." In other words, Congress thus far has aided, by its loan policy, just about two percent of the number now living under conditions well below "the American standard."

Amendments have been proposed to the Wagner-Steagall Act to add another $800,000,000 to the loan fund, and $45,000,000 to the present $28,000,000 available for annual contributions by the federal government. (Part of the new $45,00,000 is needed to release some of the original loan appropriation.) The amendments have been favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, and we believe they have a good chance of being enacted into law. Remember, all but a small percentage of the total is a loan, not a gift. The money is being put into good housing, one of the safest, most conservative investments in the world. It is also, as The New Republic has pointed out repeatedly, one of the best possible forms of pump-priming public works. An additional appropriation at this time would mean that instead of sudden peaks of employment in the all-important building trades, we should have a steady high plateau of employment in those trades for at least another eighteen months.

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Moseley of the Fifth Column

HARDLY ANYONE can be surprised that the Dies Committee, in turning its attention to American fascist organizations, has found a good deal to investigate. The group that is currently under scrutiny is composed of individuals of some notoriety. Yet the details of this group's plot—and the recent revelation that it is in close touch with an international fascist headquarters in Rome—are lent special weight by the prominence of one of the men involved. Major-General George Van Horn Moseley, recently retired from the United States Army, has been under fire before from democrats for his public utterances. The additional evidence of the Dies Committee seems to clinch the case against him.

The *dramatis personae* of America's abortive "Beer Hall Putsch," as outlined in committee reports, reveals a significant cross-section of the nation's forces of reaction. The money—at least $8,000 of it—was provided by the wealthy New Yorker, Dudley Pierrepont Gilbert. Strategist-in-Chief is George Deatherage, who from a country home near St. Albans, West Virginia, directs the activities of two pro-Fascist, anti-Semitic organizations of his own: the Knights of the White Camellia and the American Nationalist Confederation. The propaganda function of the campaign has been in the capable hands of an army reserve captain by the name of James E. Campbell. In a suite of offices masquerading as "Business Engineering Associates" located on the third floor of the Odd Fellows Building, Owensboro, Kentucky, Mr. Campbell operates a propaganda mill that has distributed its product throughout the nation.

The plot was one of blood-and-thunder melodrama. "I believe as you do," Deatherage wrote to Campbell, "that it would take military action to get this gang out. And the organization must be built around a propaganda organization now that can in a few hours be turned into a militant fighting force. That is the idea of the boss also, but it must be kept on the Q. T."

Perhaps Mr. Deatherage really hoped to keep the idea "on the Q.T.," but "the boss," apparently, did not agree. In fact, General Moseley has gone out of his way to speak his mind on all possible occasions since September 30, 1938, the day of his retirement from the army.

Ordinarily such an event is good for a paragraph or two in most metropolitan dailies, but the retiring general got himself quite a lot of publicity by releasing four mimeographed pages of personal opinion to the press. His personal opinion of President Roosevelt, his commander-in-chief, was not altogether favorable.

"We do not have to vote for a dictatorship [illegible]

ernment responsibility for our individual lives, increased government authority over our daily habits, and the resultant federal paternalism will inevitably become dictatorship."

There was one particularly obscure sentence in the press release—a statement asserting that for the first time in the history of the army "we have been compelled to give preference to the applicant of certain definite class over and above his equally qualified fellow Americans." That sentence did not make sense until later.

The Secretary of War unwisely dignified the General's hysterics with a reply. Moseley, he said, "was disappointed in his ambition to become chief of staff. . . . As to the reasons why General Craig was preferred for the important post, I do not think anyone needs to look further than to read General Moseley's flagrantly disloyal statement."

On December 14, 1938, General Moseley hit the big time—and it was then that he ceased to be an amusing phenomenon. That evening in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel he spoke under the auspices of the New York Board of Trade to more than 250 of the nation's leading industrialists. His attentive audience included representatives of the New York Central and the B. & O. Railroads, Consolidated Edison, Remington Rand, United States Lines, United Fruit, Otis Elevators and Equitable Life Insurance. General Moseley did not pull his punches. He said:

> Where does the defensive weakness of this nation lie? you ask. My answer is, principally right in Washington, as our administration gives aid and comfort to our enemies who are operating within our very gates under a definite mission to destroy our present form of government. Let a free public press expose to the light of day those officials high and low, and here and there their wives, who are operating with our enemies. . . .
>
> Our domestic enemies should be warned, therefore, not to excite the wrath of patriotic America, for once these patriots go to battle they will cure the disease definitely and make those massacres now recorded in history look like peaceful church parades.
>
> The America that I am referring to . . . is not of New York City or of the District of Columbia, as so many in the East seem to think. In fact, if both New York and Washington were burned down tonight it would not cause a ripple in the America that I am talking about. In fact, in Washington it might be one definite way of reducing the bureaucracy.

Enthusiastic applause and loud laughter were provoked by the General's wit.

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demagogue. His implied approval of violence was dangerous, but there was not conclusive evidence that he had abandoned completely the philosophy of democracy until two days later, when he spoke to 300 people in the Music Room of the Hotel Biltmore on the subject, "Have Enemies Captured America from Within?" The chairman of the meeting was Robert Caldwell Patton, editor of The Patriot Digest. The Committee of Honor resembled a "Who's Who" of the nation's leading anti-Semites. It included John Cecil of the American Immigration Conference Committee, John B. Snow of the League for Constitutional Government, Joseph P. Kamp of the Constitutional Educational League, and Allen Zoll of the American Patriots, Inc. These organizations, with minor variations, are scale miniatures of the National Socialist German Workers' Party.

Each person in the audience was given a free copy of The Patriot Digest (Volume 1, Number 1). The entire collection of articles and cartoons was devoted to smearing democracy, labor and the Jews, and to defending the principles and activities of the Nazi Party. In the cartoons the caricature of a Jew was chosen invariably to represent the CIO, Loyalist Spain and the League for Peace and Democracy. The lead editorial was a vigorous defense of Hitler's seizure of Sudetenland.

Even more anti-Semitic than the contents of The Patriot Digest was Moseley's address. The following comments are chosen at random:

> I didn't mention the Jews at the Board of Trade luncheon. If you use that word they say "You're persecuting me."
>
> There is the matter of refugees. Why doesn't Russia invite the refugees to fill up her vast land? You will notice that I haven't mentioned the Jews. We have to be so careful, for if we mention the Jews, then we are branded as anti-Semitic.
>
> You just let an army officer talk about communism and the Jews say they have been insulted.
>
> I say the solution is smash the New Deal. Fight with votes, but be ready to fight. Mr. Baruch is now chief of staff. I believe we ought to restore the word Christian. This is a Christian nation. Our army and navy should march to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

But General Moseley was not received quite so enthusiastically March 4 by the Sentinels of the Republic, when he called for a new "Christian leadership" for the nation. Before his words had stopped echoing, David F. Sibley, a member of the executive committee, announced to reporters that "It was a unanimous vote that the views of General Moseley do not reflect the views of the Sentinels of the Republic, who do not believe in racial or religious distinction."

The General was not routed by defeat in this single skirmish. Speaking before the National Defense Meet- night of March 28, he plunged heroically into the fray:

> The war now proposed is for the purpose of establishing Jewish hegemony throughout the world. We must recognize that frankly. . . . In contemplating war today, we must remember that war costs money and that as a nation we are already "busted." Our former allies have not as yet paid us for what they owe us on the last war. Where, then, is the money coming from? History will have to repeat itself, and we will have to reëstablish the Jew in power, and borrow the money from him. A partner of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, it must be remembered, financed the Russian Revolution, and he was mighty proud of his achievement. Trotsky, under whose orders three million Christian Russians were murdered, is now our neighbor in Mexico. . . . Your sons and mine (I have three) fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Communists of Russia and being paid with money borrowed, probably, from the Jews.

Later in his address Moseley actually defended the principle of army rebellion. He said:

> The army of the United States is in better shape today than at any time in its history. We could all rest in complete security at home under the protection of that army, if we knew that in an emergency it would receive proper orders from the White House. We do know, however, that if the administration went too far to the Left and asked our military establishment to execute orders which violated all American tradition, that army would demur. It is your salvation today.

Probably never before in the history of the United States had a general, either active or retired, made such a treasonable public utterance; but the most significant section of the address—significant because it indicates the newly crystallized pattern of Moseley's political philosophy—is this:

> The Fascists and Nazis in America have only one mission, as I understand them, and that is to see to it that the Communists shall not take possession of this nation. In fact, the finest type of Americanism can breed under their protection, as they neutralize the efforts of the Communists.

In view of his one-man campaign against Jews, unionism and democracy, it followed inevitably that Moseley won the loud acclaim of America's tin-hat Hitlers. The day following the Philadelphia speech Robert Edward Edmondson, prolific anti-Semitic propagandist who does his work from Stoddartsville, Pennsylvania, issued an enthusiastic bulletin headed "HAIL MOSELEY!" William Dudley Pelley, leader of the Silvershirts, was just as favorably impressed. His printing plant, located in the Biltmore-Oteen Bank Building, Biltmore, North Carolina, was put into action, and within a month thousands of copies of that speech had been distributed throughout the country.

Even before the publication of Edmondson's "Hail

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recognized that the doughty General possessed all the qualifications necessary to "front" for organizations sympathetic to Nazism. Less than six weeks after Moseley's retirement, Deatherage urged one of his followers to support the General's leadership. "We are delaying further reorganization," he wrote, "in the hopes that we can get General George Van Horn Moseley, Hotel Biltmore, Atlanta, recently retired, to head up a national Christian organization that we can all back. If all interested will write him, requesting such action, it will help a lot. Will you not do so?"

Evidently Deatherage succeeded in converting Moseley—if he needed converting—because on December 14 he wrote Campbell that the "general" planned "to start a little GHQ in Atlanta where we will . . . prepare the plans for the campaign."

Ironically, during recent months General Moseley has been flirting with Chattanooga's contribution to fascism, George Christians, who commands the Crusader White Shirts. Perhaps it is professional jealousy, but the commanders of the Knights of the White Camellia and the Crusader White Shirts are not fond of each other. They resemble nothing so much as two temperamental prima donnas, each of whom wants to take all the curtain calls. Moseley, however, maintains impartiality; he fraternizes with both men. On April 10, long after he first associated himself with Deatherage, he wrote Christians, and a few days later he received this reply:

Dear General Moseley

Thanks very much for your letter of the 10th which I too regret was delayed in reaching me.

Your position is perfectly clear and satisfactory to our organization. . . . We have many organizations and countless individuals working in the same general direction in their own way and under their own steam. We don't care what they do or how they do it just so they do something. I happen to have been selected to head two revolutionary organizations known as the American Reds and the American Fascists which handle most of the dirty work. We can take it and dish it out. However, with our exposure of, and protection from, the unfair practices of the opposition we expect others to carry our program through.

I would like very much to meet you and to have a talk with you in regard to the whole situation which has limitless possibilities. I am sure that it would be as interesting to you as it is fascinating to me. I may try to run down to Atlanta in the next few days and look you up. Do you expect to be available? I shall try to let you know in advance if possible.

Yours in the Fellowship of Freedom,

GEORGE W. CHRISTIANS,
Commander-in-chief, Crusader White Shirts

In a conversation with me on May 1, Christians said he did go to Atlanta, and that he and General Moseley found themselves to be "in perfect agreement."

Not only has Moseley been affiliated, either officially or unofficially, with Deatherage, Campbell and Christians, but he has been associated with Gerald B. Winrod, Defender of the Faith, and William Dudley Pelley, Silver Shirt leader. He has also been in touch with Merwin K. Hart, New York corporation lawyer, and Allen Zoll, New York City lawyer, who are not fascists but who have been active in the Christian Front movement. He has been in touch with Conde McGinley, publisher of Social Justice, and Gerald L. K. Smith, Share-the-Wealth leader. He has been in touch with Elizabeth Dilling, author of The Red Network, and Lyrl Clark Van Hyning, author of The Red Web. He has been in touch with Joseph P. Kamp, author of Behind the Super-Government, and Kullgren (William Kullgren, whose publishing plant in Atascadero, California, is devoted profitably to the twin causes of anti-Semitism and astrology) and their colleagues, but he has indulged in some propagandizing on his own account without benefit of organization. On March 25 he wrote this letter to one of his correspondents:

My dear Mr. Blank:

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of the twenty-third instant.

The daily press today too often gives us a very imperfect picture of the world situation and, especially, in reference to the enemies within our gates.

I am enclosing herewith four reports. Should you care to subscribe for them, you will find that the information furnished will be frankly stated and authentic.

I am leaving tomorrow to speak in Philadelphia. Enclosed is a copy of my remarks, which may be of interest, for the facts are plainly stated.

With kindest regards and best wishes, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. VAN HORN MOSELEY

The four reports sent by General Moseley consisted of a bulletin from Robert Edward Edmondson, who later rewarded the General with "Hail Moseley!"; an "Industrial Control Report" issued by James True, who is alleged to have planned a pogrom in 1936; a bulletin from Charles B. Hudson's America in Danger, an anti-Semitic organization with headquarters in Omaha; and a copy of The Individualist, published by Charles W. Phillips, who gave up a profitable law practice in Lincoln to write Jew-hating, Red-baiting propaganda.

The information contained in these reports, which Moseley sent because "the daily press today too often gives us a very imperfect picture of the world situation," is extremely interesting, because it sheds further light on the General's principles. The Edmondson bulletin was devoted to proving that the American Legion is wrong in lumping Nazism and communism together as twin enemies of democracy. James True's report consisted of an apology for Germany's seizure of Czecho-Slovakia, a defense of Father Coughlin and an attack on the Jews. The bulletin from Hudson, among other things, defended Coughlin and attacked "Dorothy Thompson Levy." The Individualist reiterated the discredited indictment that the Republican government of Spain was communistic.

The case against General Moseley seems to be nearly complete. Whether or not the government will take action against him for his conduct is problematical. Moseley may have the legal right to associate himself with Deatherage, Campbell and Christians, and to distribute the propaganda of True, Edmondson, Hudson and Phillips; but in so doing he marks himself with their brand—the swastika.

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After the New Deal

III: *Suggestions for the Next Step*[1]

THE NEW DEAL has bequeathed to us plenty of money at the source and new methods of channeling it into circulation through government borrowing and spending. But government intervention in adjusting the valves of the economic system through which money flows—that is, wages and prices—has not so cleared the channels as to make possible large and continued production and employment. If it had done so, the pump-priming process would probably have worked in such a way that deficit-spending by the government could have ended without a serious collapse of private economic activity. Business would borrow and spend an expanding amount, and a sufficient share of this borrowing would go into new capital investment. This situation sets the framework of our next problem.

Three distinct points of view are now being expressed about the spending policy. The first regards what has been done by the New Deal as a mistake, and wants to retreat from it as rapidly as possible. The failure of business to enjoy a sustained revival, and of the flow of new investment to recover, it attributes to governmental intervention itself. The trouble is said to be lack of business confidence, and this lack of confidence is ascribed to a fear of governmental activity, especially to the existence of an unbalanced budget and a large public debt. Let the government first stop borrowing, those who hold this opinion argue, let it cut down unemployment relief and public works and subsidies to farmers, and then business will take up its task and the economic system will right itself.

The second view is that held by the administration. The borrowing-spending policy is an emergency measure and will be discontinued the moment private industry becomes active enough to absorb the unemployed. But it cannot be discontinued before then. In the meantime, we need not be worried by the growing national debt, first because the burden of charges on the taxpayer is still small in relation to the normal volume of the national income, and second because the deficit will automatically disappear, and the debt will cease to grow, when the national income does resume its normal size. This will not necessitate any marked increase in tax rates, since higher incomes will naturally yield much larger tax payments at existing rates. The administration is unclear, however, about the means of stimulating sufficient revival of trade. It seems to be awaiting a turn of the wheel of fortune in this respect.

The third view is at the opposite extreme from the first. Though held by many, it has been best expressed by seven of the younger Harvard and Tufts economists, in their little book, "An Economic Program for American Democracy."[1] According to this view, the idea that government spending out of borrowed funds is merely an emergency measure, to be ended when business revives, must be abandoned. The spending policy should be adopted permanently. Moreover, it should be expanded. The trouble is that government has not been borrowing and spending enough to make up for the whole deficiency of private enterprise in putting money into circulation. The private economy has definitely ceased to expand of its own initiative. Government will be obliged not just to prime the pump, but to operate the pump regularly if unemployment is to be abolished.

An endless enlargement of the public debt does not worry these economists, so long as enough is spent to bring genuine recovery and a continually growing national income. It may be dangerous to keep on enlarging the debt if stable recovery does not come, but if we can borrow and spend enough actually to force steady progress, then the interest charges can easily be met out of the growing tax receipts. It is unnecessary, according to this view, to try to pay off the debt. Indeed, disaster would come if ever an attempt to do so should be made. People who worry about a national debt that is never reduced, it is explained, forget the difference between an individual's position and that of a total national economy. A given individual must of course pay his debts sometime or go bankrupt. But while one person pays his debts, others borrow more. The total debt in the country has had an increasing tendency for years. Whenever it does not increase, we suffer depression. An increase of debt is merely the reverse aspect of an increase of assets. There cannot be an expansion of monetary circulation or a growth of investment without an enlargement of debt. As for the interest burden, interest does not disappear into the sea. When someone pays it out, someone else receives it; internal debts therefore are merely one channel for the circulation of money.

These economists further point out that in 1929 the total debt in the country, public and private, did stop increasing; the growth of the public debt since then has not been sufficient to make up for the shrinkage of the private. Private debt has ceased to expand for a

[1] This is the last of three articles which consist of extracts from

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number of reasons more fundamental than temporary depression or lack of confidence. The disappearance of the frontier, the slowing down of population growth, the lack of any great new profitable industry to absorb capital—these have all contributed. What the government must do, therefore, is to take up the task of expansion where private enterprise has left off. It must borrow and spend more and more. In particular, it must channel larger funds into investment in permanent and useful improvements, thus making up for the deficiency in private investment.

What should be said about these three points of view? The first, which calls for a cessation of governmental deficits as a preliminary to revival of business confidence, demands too much confidence on the part of the unemployed, the wage-and-salary earners who have jobs, the distressed farmers. What assurance is there that business would revive sufficiently, or would not indeed collapse, if government spending and other intervention were withdrawn? Though few people understand the fact, this policy was partially tried in 1937, and with unhappy results. Who knows for certain whether the principal obstacle to recovery is lack of confidence traceable to an unbalanced budget? It seems unlikely. The risk of failure in the recommended experiment is too great. It is a risk involving not merely possible starvation for the unemployed and possible loss of jobs and wage reductions for those now at work, but instability for our whole society. No administration, no matter what its theories or its devotion to a balanced budget, is likely to continue very far or very long in this direction unless private employment opportunities actually do take the burden off its hands.

The policy of the administration is clearly a temporary way of meeting the emergency, but what if the emergency should endure indefinitely? Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers are probably justified in expecting that the customary ups and downs of trade known as the "business cycle" will continue, but it may be optimistic to conclude from this that a time will arrive in the visible future when we shall have such an abundant and stable prosperity as to permit the balancing of the budget and the reduction of the national debt. Short-term fluctuations of business during the past century were but surface movements on a long-term trend of expansion. Have we any reason to be confident that the tide will rise forever? Even the cyclical process itself may be profoundly altered by government intervention. In this respect the conservative economists who attack Mr. Roosevelt's policy may be correct. If we are to have a real recovery of private investment, it may be necessary to go through a sharper deflation of capital values, or other price readjustments, than can occur when wages and prices are deliberately shored up. It is true, I believe, that a modern economy will refuse to old kind of automatic recovery may be impossible without it. A policy of waiting for such recovery is therefore dangerous.

The view of the seven Harvard and Tufts economists avoids the misconceptions of the first two. Unless something supervenes like a war or a drastic change in political control that will bring about an economic catastrophe, we shall, I believe, be forced in the direction to which they point as long as private investment fails to revive. Regardless of anyone's theories, there is a world-wide tendency for government to take over economic functions when private enterprise resigns them. Such a basic function as the provision of capital for expansion cannot remain indefinitely unfulfilled. We are coming to understand more and more how important it is. The knowledge that others are not doing this job, and that government can do it, places the theoretical opponents of governmental action in a weak position. Pressures from a hundred directions will in the end overcome their warnings, even though few understand the policy in question or the academic arguments for or against it.

If government is to take over the function of investment which private enterprise has laid down, how ought it to be done? Just spending money on anything may not be capital investment of the sort required. It is correctly pointed out by the authors of the plan that the government has already done much to add to the national wealth by its spending policy and may do much more. A free road built by public authorities is no less serviceable than a toll road built by private capital. Parks, public buildings, river improvements, forestation, soil conservation—all these things and many others increase our wealth for the future. In a sense, investment in them performs the same economic functions as investment in a new steel mill or department store. Hiring the labor and buying the materials creates employment. The spending of the wages by their recipients aids recovery. Something of permanent usefulness is created. Indeed, what is created may be more necessary and desirable in a social sense than what might have been done by private capital under the stimulus of profit. It is better, for instance, to save fertile soil that could not be replaced by thousands of years of natural processes than to manufacture patent medicines that keep people sick. Yet the first cannot be done under the stimulus of private profit, while the second often is.

There is no lack of things for the government to do that add to durable values and that circulate income in the present—projects that the search for profit does not lead private enterprise to undertake. An era of abundance would require many more of these things than the New Deal has yet created. Yet the solution for our difficulties is not so simple as this.

The investment of capital is a basic influence in deter-

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kinds of goods wanted by the citizens are made by industries now in the hands of private enterprise. These industries are not, in many cases, active enough to satisfy the real or potential need for their products. The effective demand for the goods in question may not, to be sure, be large enough to stimulate expansion in the equipment to produce them, but that does not indicate any lack of potential sales if prices could be lower or incomes higher. Is it not a faulty solution of the problem to direct more and more capital, more and more productive energy, into the projects that government can undertake outside the realm of private enterprise, while we have an insufficient supply of the useful things that private industry does make, and while expansion in these industries lags behind the need? No amount of parks, bridges and roads will compensate for the lack of enough good food, clothing and houses.

The same difficulty may be described from the monetary aspect. Both public and private investment may be equally productive in a large social sense. But the consumers do not pay for their enjoyment of a public investment—except enough in taxes to meet the expense of upkeep and the interest on the debt incurred. The output of a private investment, on the other hand, is bought by the consumers of the product, according to their use of it. It is an important consequence of this difference that public investment does not as a rule increase the *monetary* income of the nation as much as private investment. In our money economy, a large increase in monetary income is necessary if people are to be enabled to buy in sufficient quantities the goods that are offered for sale by private industry—goods that in many instances they want and need as much as the goods that are provided by public projects.

In order to make this point clearer, let us compare a specific public enterprise with a private one of equal cost. Let us say a city builds a park while a corporation sets up a factory, each requiring an investment of $1,000,000. During the construction period, both enterprises pay out an equal amount of money to the community for labor and materials; if the credit for both comes from banks, the national income is increased by a like amount in each case during the construction period. But after the projects are finished, the park is opened free to one and all; the city continues to employ only the staff necessary for maintenance, collecting out of taxes the money to remunerate the working force and pay the interest. Let us say this costs $50,000 annually. But the factory, if it is successful, sells its products and does a business of, say, $500,000 a year. Out of this it pays for wages, materials, profits and interest. It is clear that the existence of the factory, after it is finished, adds more to the national money income than does the existence of the park. The difference does not lie solely in the difference of the physical enterprise, and admission were charged to it, more money would be kept in circulation than under the city's custom of permitting free use. The park does not, after it is built, keep money in circulation to so great an extent in proportion to the investment as does the factory. A much larger amount of public investment than of private is therefore required to build up a national income of a given size.

Of course there is no intrinsic benefit in a large money income, provided that equivalent real values may be obtained for a small one. We might conceivably have an immense national product without any monetary income at all if the government should enter every form of production, giving away the output, and paying no wages—provided we assume that people would do the work purely out of a sense of obligation for the goods they received. But an indefinitely expanding program of public investment in producing so-called free goods, carried out in the midst of an economic order which leaves a large part of its work to private enterprise, is likely to create distortion in our schedules of production and consumption.

These considerations lead us to the conclusion that if governmental intervention is to be relied upon to restore that upward trend of capital investment which is necessary, it must do something about fields now occupied by private enterprise as well as about the projects which are non-commercial in nature. Somehow or other, there must be a much larger expansion in the production of goods and services ordinarily sold to the consumers, as well as of goods and services customarily paid for only by taxation.

But here we encounter the opinion of our seven economists that the opportunity for expansion of private enterprise has been lost by the disappearance of the frontier, the slowing down in population growth, and other like circumstances. It is true that for nearly ten years there has been no increase in the total of private investment—indeed, in some of these years there has been a net loss in the amount already in existence. Possibly the obstacles are too great for private enterprise to overcome, at least for a long time. But I believe the main obstacles lie in a different direction from those cited, and are not insuperable. As long as many people want more of the goods that industry makes, there is no fundamental reason why it cannot expand. Our productive equipment now is nowhere near sufficient to turn out the goods that the population would undoubtedly buy if the purchasing power of the average family were raised even to a moderate level. We do not need new physical frontiers or a large growth of population or even new industries, if we will set ourselves to the task of supplying the wants already existing. The problem is therefore one of increasing money incomes or reducing prices or both. We are back at the point where we found the New Deal had been least

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nomic system so that money would keep on flowing, once it had been spent from a primary source.

If we look at the figures, we actually do find a considerable increase of new capital investment in manufacturing industry during recent periods of revival, just as we have found temporary rapid enlargement in the markets for consumers' goods. The sticking point of recovery has apparently not been in manufacturing for the individual consumer. The reason that heavy industries making durable or capital goods have suffered setbacks, have thrown workers out of employment, and have thus dampened down the industries making consumers' goods, is that the customary basic outlets upon which the heavy industries have relied in the past have not resumed their expansion. The three great channels for new investment in the years before 1929 had been, first, building construction, second, railroads, third, public utilities. And the deficiency in new investment has occurred since 1929 mainly in these three industries. If they were active and expanding, their payments for labor and orders for materials would keep the heavy manufacturing industries busy and we could resume the long-term upward trend.

In not one of these old stand-bys of investment is there any lack of real want for the product. Need for better and less crowded housing is almost unlimited, especially on the part of the half of our population in the lower income brackets. Saturation points in the use of electricity or even of gas are still far in the future. Railroads have met severe competition recently, it is true, and the era of adding mileage is probably at an end, yet there is a great need for new equipment and more maintenance. And it has been demonstrated that better service and lower rates would attract much more business to the railways.

In each of these fields governmental intervention may clear the channels for new investment, if it will adjust properly the cost and price factors. Private building is tied up in a tangle of frozen debts, high prices for materials and medieval inefficiency. Yet experience both here and abroad has demonstrated that large-scale housing projects, properly planned and financed, can offer such a good product at such low rentals that investment in it which looks only for a moderate return is one of the safest in the world. The opportunity here is immense, if technical and legal obstacles and political opposition can be overcome. Public utilities need only a straightening out of their financial structures and sufficiently low rates in order to tap an indefinitely larger market. The railroad problem is complicated, but its essentials are clear. Writing down of burdensome capital structures, better service, economy through unified operation, and lower rates will certainly help.

Government would be ill advised to pour capital into any of these fields so long as they are hampered by them, government enterprise has the opportunity to enter in such a manner that these inhibitions can be removed and the way opened for useful new investment. It has already begun to do so in housing and utilities; I believe it will be compelled to do so in railroads also. Here we are brought to the conclusion that government operation is essential, not for the usual reason of preference for a socialized system, and not even solely for the unusual reason that here is a place where money should be invested, but also for the reason that government can clear the channels for the flow of money, by adjusting costs and prices, as private enterprise seems unable to do. The great advantage in the turning of government enterprise to investment channels like this, which have become clogged under private enterprise, is that freeing them will contribute immensely to the expansion of monetary income in the nation, to an extent that government enterprise ordinarily has not.

Meanwhile the government should continue to study price problems in general, so that even in the fields which it is not compelled to administer, necessary corrections may be made. In some cases publicity and the discovery of guiding principles may be enough. In others it may be necessary—and possible—to enforce competition. In still others regulation of new types may be employed. The ultimate recourse, if other methods fail, would always be reorganization as a public enterprise. All this should be done under the fundamental guiding principle that what we are after is continually expanding production and consumption of useful goods and services, to be facilitated by larger incomes for consumers and as low prices as can be achieved by large production and the use of efficient methods. In an expanding economy every problem may be solved; in a contracting one all become insoluble.

GEORGE SOULE

On Storm King Edge

Bright glow the worlds tonight, through frost, through fire
Far overhead above the meadow.
Light seems their dance through ether's halls,
Dark the way of earth in shadow.

Is earth's way dark? Then darker, darker far
Are ways that turn aside from pity;
The ways of those who take the sword
And on the victim build their city.

Lampless the walls, venomed the lands that once
Flowered with the free who kept and nourished,
In hope of fruit, the seed of peace.
Now silence falls where music flourished.

Look to the land that bore us, know from these
Its leaf may fade, its flower may sicken
And bindweed spring among the roots
And seeds from fields of fury quicken.

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The Times on Trial

FROM FEBRUARY TO MAY the publisher, owners, managers and editors of the most important newspaper in America have been on trial, defending themselves against the charge of violation of the Wagner Act. Technically it has been only a quasi-judicial hearing on the discharge of three employees from The New York Times. The Newspaper Guild says the men were fired for their union activities; the Times management denies the charge.

But in fact the hearings became a real test of the integrity of the paper. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher, Colonel Julius Ochs Adler, vice-president and general manager, and Edwin L. James, managing editor, chose to carry the debate over on to more general ground than the question of specific discharges. In spite of the objections of Attorney Lester M. Levin of the NLRB and Attorney A. J. Isserman for the Guild, The Times's spokesmen dealt at length with the problems of a free press, the noble functions of journalism and the greatness of The Times in particular.

The hearings were sensational stuff. Yet, curiously, only a few inches of type (outside the labor press) have been devoted to news like this:

The New York Times had an efficient, although loosely organized, labor-spy system. Managing Editor James and other executives encouraged "voluntary informants," who kept the management posted on the progress of union organization within the plant.

It was apparently not news when the Guild introduced evidence to show that the Times management has been guilty of intimidation by discharge and by transfers to "Siberian" assignments. Three Guild leaders in the business office were fired or forced to resign at just the time that the unit was approaching a good bargaining status; five others were shifted to inferior jobs. And when the union complained that its members were being discriminated against, Mr. Sulzberger failed to make any investigation of its case.

The Times used two old dodges to weaken the Guild's drive: it circulated "loyalty petitions" and had words of high praise for signers ("the backbone of The Times") and Mr. Sulzberger threatened to sell the paper "if it became biased." He threatened to sell, that is, if he were forced to sign a Guild-shop contract. In the eyes of nearly all of The Times's journalistic rivals, this was not news fit to print.

Mr. Sulzberger himself testified about four of the obstacles the management erected in the path of collective bargaining. He demanded that the Guild promise never to seek the preferential Guild shop. If this promise were made, he said, the management would still have to consider the views of "a group of men that I know of who had no wish to be represented by sary to challenge the appropriateness of the bargaining unit." And finally, Mr. Sulzberger explained, if all the other obstacles were overcome, he would sign only a contract embodying the poorest terms the Guild had accepted elsewhere, which clearly would be inferior to present conditions on The Times.

There was no journalistic outcry when one of The Times's attorneys admitted that Night Editor Raymond McCaw had cabled Herbert L. Matthews, Times correspondent in Madrid, to "stop sending propaganda" when Matthews had been sending straight fact. Nor when I testified how terrorized and intimidated Matthews had become by repeated cables from the so-called "fascist phalanx" on the Times night shift.

It was not news that Mr. Sulzberger, head of Wide World Photos, refused to let his picture be taken in the witness chair (the pictures which later appeared were posed), nor when the Times owners were shown to be ringleaders in the American Newspaper Publishers' Association's campaign to smash the unionization movement among newspaper writers. And rival editors decided not to make a box out of Mr. Sulzberger's modest statement, on the witness stand, that he did not want the impression to get around that he was God Almighty.

As witnesses, Mr. James was cynical, smiling, clever; Mr. Adler was stout, suave and slick. Mr. Sulzberger seemed to me naïve, righteously indignant and quite unaware of The Times's labor policies, but Guildsmen say that beneath his genteel exterior lurks the second hardest heart in journalism. (Roy Howard's is the hardest.)

"Ours is a peculiar business, Mr. Examiner," Sulzberger said. "It is not simply a manufacturing business. . . . The New York Times is a very great newspaper property. Mr. Ochs built it to a very high estate. I have tried to hold The Times to the same high level of objective reporting. . . . You can't do objective reporting if there is violence of feeling on the part of those who are doing the reporting. Men have to be calm and judicial. They can't be steamed up on this issue or that issue any more than the paper can. A great paper like The Times can't be a crusading paper—like The World. . . . The Times has never tried to be a crusading newspaper. It has always wanted to be a good and a factual reporter. It puts the facts before an adult and intelligent community, and that community could then do its thinking from the facts which it presented."

At the intermission I said to Managing Editor James, "Why don't you cover this story?"

"No news," James replied. "What does the public care about a case involving three business-office workers?"

Carl Randau of the Guild answered that it involved everything: the Wagner Act, the Guild, the press, etc.

"We never have covered hearings before a trial examiner," James replied.

"What about Weirton steel? What about the Wat-

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James didn't know. "What's the use?" he concluded. "If we published this case we would wind up with columns of glorification of our own paper, and that wouldn't look nice." GEORGE SELDES

The Battle over Danzig

THERE ARE CITIES inhabited by people of one nationality whose economy depends on another nation. Danzig is such a city. Its population is about 95-percent German, but its economic welfare is bound up with the Polish interior. In fact, Danzig is now inside the Polish customs frontier. Thus commerce passes unhindered between Poland and the outside world. The creation of the Free City by Articles 100-108 of the Treaty of Versailles was wisely conceived. To Poland it gave access to a city on the sea; for Danzig, grown stagnant on the small commerce provided by the northeast German hinterland, it made possible an economic revival. In 1913 Danzig handled a little more than two million tons of commerce; in 1937 it handled nearly six million tons.

Many of the Free City's inhabitants recall that their community enjoyed its greatest power and prosperity when Danzig was a member of the famed Hanseatic League. Then, it prospered from the commerce passing down the Polish "Mother River"—the Vistula—to the outside world, and from the incoming traffic from Scandinavia, Western Europe and other regions that was destined for the interior. Here, sea-going ships transferred their cargoes to river barges; here, the thrifty Danzig grain merchants established commission offices and warehouses. Today, what prosperity Danzig enjoys is derived from its economic relations with Poland. If those ties were cut, the Free City would undoubtedly revert to its pre-war status of commercial stagnation.

If the Danzig burghers could express themselves in a genuine plebiscite on the question of union with Germany, there is more than a possibility that a majority would favor the present Free City status and economic relations with Poland. This statement is made with the municipal elections of four years ago in mind. In the election campaign which preceded the balloting on April 7, 1935, the Nazis had sole use of the radio; the Nazis controlled all the newspapers; the Nazis held more than one thousand parades and rallies. Marshal Goering and other Nazi luminaries came from the Reich to Danzig and campaigned for the Nazi ticket. The Opposition, on the other hand, could do almost no campaigning. Yet even in that terror-dominated election, it polled about 41 percent of the vote.

But the Free City's citizens will not have the privilege of expressing themselves about the future of Danzig. That future will be decided in Berlin and Warsaw —also perhaps in London and Paris. Today, the people of Danzig are pawns in th[illegible] Their response to the slogan "Home to the Reich!" is dictated by their Bavarian Führer, Herr Forster, who carries out orders from Berlin. When the time comes they will play their part helplessly, even unwittingly, in the climax of the "war of nerves" being waged by Germany against Poland. Meanwhile, the Free City's ancient cobbled streets ring with the Nazi marching song: "When Jewish blood spurts from the knife, all will go well again!"

The present crisis over Danzig is far more important than the fate of the city itself. For Danzig is one of the high stakes in Hitler's bid for world power. If he can obtain Danzig, he can seriously threaten Poland's slender hold on the Corridor. Only fifteen miles of the Corridor separate the Danzig district from the main body of the Reich. Once in control of Danzig, the Nazis could rake the Corridor with their artillery from both sides. They could bombard Gdynia, Poland's "miracle" city on the Bay of Puck, less than a dozen miles north of Danzig. And the Germans could cut Poland's main railway, which runs from Warsaw via Danzig to Gdynia. Many military observers believe, indeed, that if Hitler can get hold of Danzig, he can drive the Poles out of the Corridor. Once shut off from the Baltic, Poland would be at the economic, and to a large extent the military, mercy of the Reich. For these reasons the Poles are determined to hold the Free City.

But Poland is operating under severe handicaps. For one thing the Corridor is not easy to fortify. It is rolling country with sandy soil. It has no natural defenses such as the mountain chain which skirted the border of the Sudetenland. Furthermore, Poland has no industrial system to compare with the Reich's. Her army, though strong in man-power, lacks the aviation, tanks and artillery possessed by Germany. Her greatest concern, however, is neither the menace of Germany nor her own military deficiencies. It is the attitude of her French and British allies. London and Paris, it is true, have promised to stand by the Poles. But no Pole can feel very confident about such commitments. The Poles dread the suggestion of another Runciman mission; they fear British "mediation."

Suppose the Nazi government of Danzig should declare a "symbolic" Anschluss between the Free City and the Reich. This would be streamlined action, part of Hitler's "totalitarian warfare." It would follow the Nazi technique used successfully in Austria. It would be extremely difficult for the Poles to cope with. Would the British and French support a Polish military move to thwart this Nazi maneuver? No one knows for certain. But memories of the "peace with honor" at Munich haunt all the capitals of Britain's "peace front." They further complicate the already complex struggle over Danzig. In this setting the Danzig puppets of Nazidom defiantly chant: "And though we are still slaves today, tomorrow freedom will dawn!"

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Shoot the Works

"What's Good, Waiter?"

DEAR MR. BROUN," writes Major General Cuthbert Clancy Hethersfield, "I was lolling in the restaurant of one of the many clubs to which I belong when an unfortunate incident occurred which I should like to call your attention to, since I gather that you are inclined to feel that in all disputes labor is in the right. There is much to be said on the other side. I was lolling, as I have said, and wondering what to order for luncheon. I had just completed my repast, but according to my watch it still lacked forty-five minutes until the cocktail hour and mine is an active intelligence which can hardly be satisfied for long in watching my fellow members at backgammon. Accordingly, I shouted briskly to a passing liveried attendant and after ordering a spot of fish and a whiskey and soda I inquired, 'Boy, can you tell me when the revolution is coming?' He seemed puzzled and replied, 'I couldn't say, General.'

"Resolved to give him another chance, I said, "What is the precise date of the Fascist Putsch?' But again he professed ignorance and gave some mumbling answer. Thoroughly aroused, I pressed him to reveal to me the next agricultural plan to be introduced by Secretary Wallace. Then he broke down and made a shocking confession. 'I'm only a poor waiter, General, and I have served in this club for thirty years, man and boy. I'm sorry to say that I know nothing of any of the matters to which you refer.'

"Now, in such circumstances what choice have I but to go to the House Committee and have the fellow fired? This I must do not only in fairness to myself but in simple justice to other retired army officers who form a goodly portion of the organization. In the Exclusive, the club to which I refer, what place has a servitor unless he possesses the gift of prophecy? If the waiters cannot discuss world affairs past, present and future, with intelligence, how are any of the members going to be able to find stimulating conversation? We can talk among ourselves or read The New York Sun, but that way madness lies. The wretch must be stripped of his uniform and thrown out. I, for one, refuse to be served by an ignorant lout who in all probability has not even read the 'Protocols of Zion.' "

It is quite true that General Hethersfield makes out a good case for himself and yet I am beginning to wonder whether there may not be some flaws in the present movement to develop a kellnerocracy, or government by garçons. Of late I believe there has been a tendency to exaggerate the waiter's access to inside information. It may be a bad idea for America to accept complete leadership even from bell captains themselves. But in order to put my suspicions to the test I arranged a secret rendezvous with a waiter of my acquaintance. We chose a spot where we could be alone and he testified as follows:

"Mr. B., we are not as well informed as the general public believes. I, for instance, have worked for many years in one of the most select clubs in New York. Not more than Sing at the moment. It has been my privilege to serve large industrialists, Cabinet members, diplomats, sportsmen and the owners of race horses."

"I'm going down to Belmont this afternoon," I interrupted. "Which of the two-year-olds is slated to win the first race?"

"You are getting ahead of my story," he replied. "I will come to that particular phase of prophecy presently. All I can say is, 'Don't bet on waiters' tips, Mr. B.' You see, here's the rub, as Mr. Shakespeare said. A waiter does hear a great deal of interesting conversation and naturally he likes to hear what stocks are going up and what Balkan countries are going down. But unfortunately he has another responsibility. He must also pay some slight attention to the dinner order and find out what the gentlemen wish to drink. And when one of the members asks for a 'sour' is is often difficult to keep it straight in your head as to whether he is criticizing the New Deal or asking for another whiskey concoction.

"Only as recently as the Preakness I unfortunately broke all my friends by giving them Ciencia as a sure thing at Pimlico. I most distinctly heard one of the biggest bettors in America remark that the filly certainly ought to be ready by now. You may remember, sir, that she finished far out of the money and showed nothing. It was only when I reconstructed the circumstances three weeks too late that I discovered where I had made my little error. It was only then that I remembered that the gentleman in question had ordered a Chateaubriand and that he had been grumbling as to how long it was going to be on the fire.

"It is so easy to get the ready dishes, the race horses and the politics of Mr. Chamberlain confused when you have several customers all talking at the same moment. 'War Admiral' could suggest a movement of the fleet or a dead-certain favorite at Saratoga. Chile is a copper on the stock exchange, but it is also a condiment on the sideboard. And when they speak of Air Reduction the unfortunate waiter is at a loss whether to close the window or hock his shirt for a Wall Street flier.

"Unfortunately it is not considered good form for a waiter to lean forward over the table so that he can hear more clearly or to speak to any member and say 'Get the mashed potatoes out of your mouth and quit mumbling.'

"My own spot has been peculiarly difficult of late, since, because of some mechanical difficulties, it has been necessary to close the regular kitchen and use temporary quarters. The dishes on the menu are not up to the usual standard. And so when the entire table rings with cursing and profanity one never knows whether the little group is cursing the House Committee or the Cabinet.

"So in spite of many generous offers I have entered into no agreement to tell all to any investigator. Frankly I doubt if any very important movements from the right or the left really stem from conversations in a club. Servants know less than they are supposed to. Over at our own little resort, limited to the better class of waiters and gentlemen's gentlemen, we had the good fortune the other night to be entertaining Mr. Walter Winchell's valet. Naturally we were all trying to pump him as to the time the next war will begin. But Mr. Winchell's valet—his name is Ferdi-

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Washington Notes

FDR Sounds Reveille

BELATEDLY the administration is regaining its spirit. For the first time since the November elections, it has a program. Despite the nagging jealousies that still exist among White House advisers, the administration seems ready to make a united fight. Two hopeful signs are Mr. Roosevelt's recent speech to retailers here, and the testimony of Assistant Secretary of State Berle before the monopoly committee.

Spending. – For the immediate future, the most important part of the program is probably additional spending. Disbursements under last year's PWA bill will reach their peak at the end of next month, and thereafter drop off rapidly. Left-wing New Dealers, at least, think it unlikely that Secretary Morgenthau's "driving force of private initiative" will be able to take the place of these federal outlays. As recorded in these Notes last March, they have pleaded before Mr. Roosevelt, on their knees and with tears in their eyes, for a new public-works program. Without it, they have feared a fresh relapse next winter and the loss of the 1940 election.

It is now virtually sure there will be a public-works program of one sort or another. The variety urged by New Dealers, and set forth by Mr. Berle before the monopoly committee, is brilliantly suited to salve Mr. Roosevelt's budget-balancing Dutch conscience. It envisages the creation of a government-owned finance corporation, with authority to issue obligations. It could thus loan its own funds to states, counties and municipalities, and these loans would not need to appear in the 1939-40 budget, nor as part of the national debt. While it could not make outright grants of money, it would be empowered to set arbitrary interest rates, which amounts to the same thing. Except for conversational purposes, it makes little difference to a city wishing to build a $200,000 hospital whether it receives a $100,000 PWA loan at four percent, together with a grant of $100,000, or is given a loan of $200,000 at two percent. New Republic readers will recognize this scheme as a refinement of a proposal made more than two years ago by the gifted Mr. David Cushman Coyle. Mr. Coyle wanted the federal government to keep a separate set of books for its capital "investments," and not include them in its annual budgets, or in the national debt. By this reasoning, it can be argued that Mr. Roosevelt has not piled up a much larger deficit than Mr. Hoover did.

Whether Congress can be induced to approve a public-works finance corporation of this sort, however, is uncertain. Nose-counters say that a majority of House members have their hearts set on the Starnes bill, under which the existing PWA is extended. More than a billion dollars' worth of projects stand approved and ready for funds on the PWA's lists, and every congressman has a pet project or two among them. There is great danger that Congress will rush the Starnes bill through to enactment without

Banking. – Since 1933, the White House advisers have puzzled over ways to "reactivate"—to use their own barbarous term—the capital market. Before the monopoly committee, Mr. Berle proposed two measures, one for prompt action and the other for permanent reform. The first calls for the government to guarantee loans made by banks to small business men, much as the FHA now guarantees loans to home-builders. This is the substance of a bill already introduced by New York's junior Senator, Mr. Jim Mead, which is now expected to pass.

Mr. Berle's second proposal is for a nationwide system of intermediate and long-term credit banks. They would form a parallel group to the existing national commercial banks under the Federal Reserve. Newspaper correspondents wrote that the monopoly committee was "stunned" by the novelty and audacity of the plan. For accuracy's sake, it may be recalled that it was worked out by the present Mr. Justice Douglas a year ago, and commented on in these Notes at the time. One of the supposedly "stunned" members of the monopoly committee, Chairman Frank of the SEC, has strenuously argued its merits.

Intelligent as this plan for investment banks is, it is likely to have as stormy a course now as it did when Mr. Douglas first proposed it. Mr. Roosevelt is understood to look on it with doubt. The Federal Reserve group is split over it, and to some of Mr. Morgenthau's Treasury experts it is downright horrible. This country's capital market is a rudimentary affair beside England's, but it is not so much because of its faulty mechanics as the fallibility of its personnel. Our investment bankers encouraged overinvestment in the 1929 boom—remember the House of Morgan and the Van Sweringens' Allegheny Corporation—and have sat on their hands ever since. For good cause, consequently, left-wing New Dealers insist on an investment banking system over which the government will be able to exercise a considerable degree of control. They ask that at least some of the banks be government-owned, and operated by public officials, in order to provide a "yardstick" for private institutions. At the present time, the Farm Credit Administration competes with private investors in farm mortgages, and has forced the adoption of a far more scientific mortgage instrument. In entering into general investment banking, however, the New Dealers must meet not only opposition from administration malcontents, but the prospect of a holy war with the nation's banking firms. With Congress in its present temper, it is quite possible they would be defeated. Mr. Berle suggested that the question be studied for another year.

New Industry. – Since 1933, White House advisers have been looking for a new industry that would do for today's capital market what the automobile did for that of twenty years back. They have been convinced, moreover, that it exists in prefabricated housing, which, they say, differs as greatly from the housing of our fathers as the automobile does from the horse and buggy. At least some of the White House advisers hoped that the PWA housing program, the FHA or Mr. Nathan Straus's United States Housing Authority would bring this new industry of mass-production homes—assembled with a screw driver and costing only slightly more than an automobile—to full stature.

Months ago Mr. Leon Henderson suggested that the

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on the market, or to bring down prices where they did, was due to a liaison existing among manufacturers, contractors and real-estate operators. Attorney General Murphy and Assistant Attorney General Arnold now announce that, if a conspiracy exists, they mean to break it. Congress has just voted Mr. Arnold funds with which to bring sixty lawyers into his trust-busting division. While it may be regretted that Mr. Murphy includes union labor in his accusations, it must be admitted that a few leaders of the AFL's building-trades department have drawn suspicion to themselves.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Gamblers Don't Gamble

IN THE GREAT CITY OF CHICAGO I ran across a large red factory and business building which is a monument to America's largest and most important crop—the sucker crop. Other crops may shrink or expand with the whims of the weather and the blunders of man, but the harvest of suckers goes on forever.

This red building houses a firm which shall be nameless—for why should I give it free advertisement?—which issues a catalogue outlining the precious merchandise it devises and produces with infinite skill. The catalogue is a handsome seventy-two-page book beautifully printed and illustrated in color. One of its merchandise classifications is dice. And there are many pictures of what are described as "perfect dice"—doubtless the kind professionals use when they play with each other and the sort commonly favored by gentlemen in their intimate combats. But then follow some highly interesting items. One is headed "percentage for the banker." Then follows the trade description. "Percentage dice to match our perfect dice *are a recognized necessity* for any Do and Don't game and we offer below several new ideas in percentage dice that have been thoroughly tested and proved for this purpose. These dice assure the operator a *legitimate* house percentage and a satisfactory increase in the weekly take."

There are various types of these "percentage dice." One observation in connection with a very alluring set is that "the necessity of protecting the take is acknowledged." Accompanying another offering is the comment that "single-dice combinations, using one transparent filled dice in combination with one perfect dice *are always popular.*" Then there is a "complete Bust-Out combination set of six perfect misspotted dice."

Against this sort of "sport" of course there is no protection save to go about, if you are addicted to this ancient pastime, with scales, balancing and micrometer calipers, a knife-edge square and other mechanical devices for testing the bones before you roll them, all of which you can purchase out of the Secret Blue Book catalogue issued from the big red building.

But there are no end of dice to satisfy the whims of the most fastidious slicker. There is the "first-lop dice, or set-[illegible] five special dice "prepared in such a manner that by [illegible] than your opponent when desired, both using the same dice." And there are still other dice designed for those who wish to give an occasional break to that eternal and blessed being who is known in dice parlance as "the monkey." You can buy passers, string passers and miss-out dice, one special set "filled to favor the ace." You can buy table tops fitted with electrical magnets which guarantee results.

There is something refreshing and reassuring about this catalogue. It is so frank, so honest in its statements, so utterly lacking in pretension. Everything is called by its right name. The sucker is called "the monkey." The necessity for gypping the monkey is frankly conceded and assumed as a fact. There is not the pretense a fellow like myself is accustomed to in Wall Street, where nothing is called by its real name, not even the monkey.

Of course this big red factory will furnish you with all sorts of packs of cards. The backs of the cards are cleverly marked to inform the owner of the pack of the spots on the other side. There are slick-ace cards "originally introduced by us and now universally popular," with which you can cut an ace every time. Then there are cards which look to the unaided eye precisely like any other cards at the back. But if the manager of the pack puts on a certain type of glasses he finds all over the backs markings which make reading your opponent's hand simplicity itself. You see this is one of the great disadvantages which card sharpers suffer from, compared with the boys in Wall Street. The card player is not permitted to look into his opponent's hand. Therefore he must resort to these seemingly devious methods. In Wall Street a specialist, for instance, does not have to worry about this. In the stock in which he specializes he holds most of the time all the cards, your cards and his. And he is called a specialist—a very nice name, far removed from the honest nomenclature used by card workers.

Then to supplement the advantage of knowing what your opponent holds in his hand there is advertised a delicate mechanical contrivance for holding a card up the sleeve and shooting it quietly into your hand at the desired moment. This is called the arm hold-out. There are vest hold-outs too. And there is a "collar" made to handle an entire deck operating from the pants band. There is a shoner—a large ring the stone of which is a mirror which enables you to read the cards as you deal them. And so on endlessly.

Now, of course, there is nothing at all shocking about this. This is business. Does anyone suppose that a gambler—whether dice, card, roulette or stock—really "gambles" with his customers? What a fool he would be. It is necessary to rig all these games against the customer. And it might as well be done intelligently. The wonder of it, however, is that the flow of monkeys never ceases.

There may be in all this one surprising feature. How is it that gamblers, possessing these professional aids against loss, ever go broke? The answer is illuminating. They never go broke at their own game. Whatever their game may be—whether it be securities in Wall Street or craps in Fourteenth Street, the professionals carry their supply of miss-outs, pass-outs, marked cards and sleeve machinery. But the professional in one racket is a monkey in another racket. He spends his working hours taking candy from the children in his own racket and then, in his leisure moment, he turns amateur and plays at some other man's game. There

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The Theatre, Alive or Dead

"LIFE AND DEATH OF AN AMERICAN" provides the only bit of theatre excitement in these late and listless weeks. The title is almost self-consciously literal: it is a two-act "biography" of an average good American born in 1900, learning at home, in the streets and schools and from the death of his father, how easy it is to keep a good man down. The boy goes to work, later to war; he has a chance on airplane designing for long enough to get married and become a father himself; the chance blows up and he is back in the factory. The plant goes on strike and he is shot; he was licked from the start. George Sklar wrote the play for the Federal Theatre, whose people have staged it with such imagination and talent as to put it squarely in the front rank of anything this season. (Maxine Elliott.)

And it isn't only good intentions. The "social" theme has been so bungled by both the ungifted and the time-servers that you can't blame an average working theatre critic for shying away from it. But this one rings true, finishing what it started; what is more it discovers its own form. The story line is so simple that it would die on its feet in the customary three-act framework; but the alternative "Living Newspaper" presentation is so complex that things scatter often. The way they worked it out is the best it has been worked out—the continuity aided and filled in with many small blackouts, with incidental music, with a chorus and a fine ingenuity of sets and lighting.

Charles K. Freeman would know more about the use of this kind of material than most directors, having worked in the movies; Howard Bay and Moe Hack did the stunning stage structure and light effects (respectively) for "One Third of a Nation," and have now outdone themselves in getting a maximum fluid motion with a minimum of darkness and curtain-wait (memo to Mr. Hack: kill the light faster as those dolly sets go off). The dance numbers (Lily Mehlmann) struck a pretty good average. The chorus motive of factory work was ragged both times and not too well conceived; but there are two points where the full stage motion almost brings you out of your seat: the place where the chorus swings down to the footlights in a marching wedge, the later point where the workers go out as dark, intense silhouettes filing across the backdrop.

Everybody I can remember went about his business with good acting sense and feeling. But the show is held together by the character of J. Arthur Kennedy as Jerry Dorgan, a part so broken into by the shifts of time and change that it could become dominant only if played with implicit faith and honesty, so simple in its outlines of hope, work, despair that it must be played very well. But the play shows so much in the way of dramatic emphasis, good faith and feeling and lively speech, that you can pick out Mr. Sklar as the true doctor in this institution.

The American Lyric Theatre is another proposition. Without reading down the lists of upper-bracket sponsors, founders, directors and what not, you could have gone to the first two productions, and looked at them, and heard the rustle and creak and plush-mouth gabble of their clientele, and realized that this was no living institution but simply the more larky among the old overdressed under-mannered [illegible]. The current "Hot Mikado" and "Red Mikado" are more

The idea of a lyric theatre in America is fine. The theatrical arts and musical proficiency of this country are such that there must some time come a break away from the idea of musical drama as a great dusty barracks of a stage, a company singing through mothballs, a 250-pound ingénue and some rugged ham with his head in a birdcage. We have music of our own now, and things of our own to talk about. We have developed the color, motion, ensemble strength and farcical point of musical comedy further than ever before; we have the people to conceive, direct, perform. But the stuff we do so well we generally do without the cohesive influence of a planned, intelligent book. We need good American stories for lines and music.

"The Devil and Daniel Webster" (ALT's first venture) makes a good legend. As translated and realized in stage terms it makes little of anything. Mr. Stephen Benét writes delightful stuff about New England, but the charm of his stories comes largely from the exposition. Here everything of theatre interest was brief to the bone: everything that simply means a lot of extras milling around the stage was allowed to run over. Its legend of Mephistopheles in New Hampshire was run through with no more theatre point than traditional opera.

But opera has music, and no one except a traditional and timid music reviewer could give Douglas Moore's score anything better than B-grade as a conservatory exercise in harmony—no tunes, no swelling cues, no general contour, no depth. Added to that, Fritz Reiner's conducting (you can't say too much about it without knowing what he started with) was done before a large pit band fairly well out of step, ragged, undecided in phrasing. Robert Edmond Jones got by on his name, presumably, for the sets were just boxes, with about as much local color as a phone book.

One serious difficulty in music-drama is to get people who can sing and act too. This company was not only amateurish but destroyed illusion by loading the farmer's daughter and Daniel himself with an anxious and phony voice culture. And for Daniel Webster, the black and gnarly and iron-bound, good-looking principals are less than a help.

I got a lift from the jury scene, the idea behind it, Mr. Jones's way of doing it, and the way the chords built up as chorus and commentary; for that brief time the play really moved. There was a pleasant swirl throughout, and since it is over in one act there would be no need to go into the details of its considerable failure—but this is the American Lyric Theatre, this is the chance for serious musicians and stage people to start a tradition, or kill it for years.

"Susanna, Don't You Cry" is the second of the ALT's repertory, a "romance" based on the songs of Stephen Foster. Let the romance go and let the acting go too if it will go far enough away. The sets are Mr. Jones in a happier mood, and quite lovely. But the main thing is the singing: Stephen Foster in the tonsilly, hard-breathing elocution of the Metropolitan; Stephen Foster in an arrangement that slights those essential singing chords for some vague "effect." It is all really too absurd to talk about.

There are so many names associated with the American Lyric Theatre that it's impossible to tell who's getting in whose way or what they're up to. But they're up to no good.

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The Bandwagon

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the conduct of this Oriental war reveals on both sides a degree of consideration and humanity that compares favorably with that manifested by European nations in similar conflicts. – *Bishop James Walsh, interviewed in The Los Angeles Times.*

He objected to another picture symbolizing justice, which showed a white child and a Negro child at the feet of a woman holding a pair of scales. This picture was deleted from the books before distribution, however, he said. – *From the testimony of W. W. Brewton, author, before the Georgia State Text Book Commission, printed in The Atlanta Journal.*

Every thought, word, action and gesture of the characters in the story should accent the gayer, lighter side. For instance, here's a situation for the opening of a story: a young man is broke, out of a job, friendless and about to be dispossessed from his lodging. It was presented to the reader of Collier's by Thomas McMorrow in a story called "Capital Story" written with careful word-overtones that give the facts, yet make the whole mood gay and easy to take. . . . In the second paragraph we learn that poor Almus has had to hock his overcoat and suit. But the phrase "had eaten his overcoat" makes it sound sort of like a college boy's lark and nothing to fret over. – *From an article, "The Light Touch in Popular Fiction," by Duane Decker, in Writer's Digest.*

The Devil Is a Sissy

Special summer services for fishermen, gardeners and golfers will be inaugurated at 8 Sunday morning in the Evangelical Congregational Church of Needham, the pastor, the Reverend Edward M. Condit, announced yesterday. His topic Sunday will be "There Is No Place Like Hell." – *From The Boston Herald.*

Not New, Perhaps, But Confusing

National Socialism, which originated in Austria, was a revival of two unhealthy movements—Pan-Americanism and Anti-Semitism—neither of which was new to Europe. – *From an editorial in The Boston Transcript.*

Compromise on Black and Blue?

Propagandists in the women's bureau of the Labor Department print in black the states that failed to enact wage-hour laws. The average citizen thinks red, white and blue would be more appropriate. – *From the editorial page of The Indianapolis Star.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

John Reed and Russia

SIR: In the first edition of "The Gateway to History" by Allan Nevins appeared the following statement: "We need only think of the writer on John Reed who, glorifying him as a staunch revolutionist, was informed before publishing his book of the existence of letters that John Reed had written from Russia shortly before his death expressing a keen disillusionment with the Bolshevist Revolution. To include them would have injured the portrait of Reed as a revolutionary hero, and they were ignored." In the second edition Mr. Nevins printed a footnote stating that this did not refer to my book, "John Reed: The Making of a Revolutionary." If there is a third edition, the passage, he has promised, will be withdrawn.

Nevertheless, the first edition appears to be the most widely circulated, and I am still repeatedly asked why I suppressed these letters. A communication on this subject from Mr. Nevins appeared in The New York Times Book Review of February 12, 1939, and one from me was published in The New Masses of February 28. Few people, however, seem to have seen these letters and the confusion still persists. For this reason I want to make one more effort to state the facts.

When I first asked Mr. Nevins about the passage, he replied that his authority was Bernard DeVoto. "I asked him about it repeatedly," Mr. Nevins wrote; "he repeatedly assured me that he was conversant at first hand with the facts, and that I might make my statement with the utmost positiveness." Further investigation revealed that Mr. DeVoto's authority was Professor I immediately wrote Mr. Peirce, and he assured me in the most emphatic terms that he had no such letters and knew of none.

I do not know exactly what Mr. Peirce said to Mr. Morison, or what Mr. Morison said to Mr. DeVoto, or what Mr. DeVoto said to Mr. Nevins. I gather that each of the stories was told on a somewhat convivial occasion. What I do know is that Mr. Nevins made no effort to check the accuracy of the statement he printed, and that its falseness has been demonstrated beyond any question.

Waban, Mass. GRANVILLE HICKS

"Fighting Years"

SIR: I take the liberty of writing to you about Max Lerner's review of Oswald Garrison Villard's "Fighting Years" [The New Republic, April 26]. It seems to me that the review is not fair to Mr. Villard and to the book.

While it is true that Mr. Villard did not always approach issues with the economic emphasis forced upon us by a younger generation, it is also true that he has fought valiantly, self-sacrificingly and sometimes successfully for some of the most important issues in American democracy. Obviously, no one can fight on all fronts in one lifetime. It seems to me that a liberal publication, like The New Republic, should display a greater appreciation for the good fight waged by Mr. Villard, for the things for which it stands, and also for his positive contributions to the nation's welfare, than are to be found in Mr. Lerner's review.

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Swing Lower

SIR: Otis Ferguson's too infrequent articles on swing men are greatly appreciated in certain quarters. I usually have trouble explaining to my friends just what swing music does to me; when a New Republic with one of the articles in it is around, I just show that to them and they sort of get the point.

One thing that has bothered me quite a bit is the fact that you have to be rich before you can get to hear much swing except over the radio, and God knows that radio swing isn't quite the real stuff. An art that is as close to the people as hot music should be more accessible to the people, don't you think?

I have heard Benny Goodman three times in person . . . once at a big dance here at the University of Illinois. It was a swell formal dance and tickets cost three bucks. But here they give us poor suckers a break and sell balcony tickets for two bits. There were about a thousand couples on the floor and about 4,000 people in the balcony. It seemed like Benny was playing for us balconyites, for he kept playing the hot numbers we kept yelling for rather than the danceable tunes the dancers probably would have preferred.

I have heard Red Norvo play a dance job, Jimmy Dorsey play in a theatre, and paid two dollars for a couple of infinitesimal sandwiches at the Blackhawk in Chicago to hear Bob Crosby's aggregation. . . . I heard Count Basie play a dance here about two and a half years ago before he became famous.

But still I haven't heard what I think is rightfully my share of swing. There are so many good bands that I never have heard. I think one plank in every revolutionary platform should be that swing should be sent back where it came from—to the people.

Champaign, Ill. C. JENSEN

Dirty Words

SIR: On page 99 of the May 31 issue of The New Republic, one of your writers states: "I have yet to see a single critic make any mention of the fact that John Steinbeck lays it (the dirty word) on pretty thick in 'The Grapes of Wrath.'"

In the May 1 issue of Newsweek, my father wrote about the Steinbeck book, saying, among other things: "It was a terrific disappointment to me that . . . John Steinbeck . . . should fall into . . . the tasteless pornographical and scatological talk (dragged into the text by the heels), and into the more serious faults of the book."

Your "I" writer should get around to doing some more reading. But he writes so much, maybe he hasn't time to read anything except his own stuff.

RUTH RASCOE

New York City

[She means Heywood Broun.—THE EDITORS]

In Defense of Social-Security Taxes

SIR: The attack on the Social Security Act by John T. Flynn in your issue of April 12 seems more violent than the facts warrant. He gives the impression that if the money received from the payroll taxes is not all used immediately for benefit payments, some wrong has been committed against the workers. He is horrified because the government uses the excess for other expenses. But when you and I pay in money to an insurance company the latter lends the excess over its benefit payments to a railroad or a utility company to use as it sees fit. There is nothing reprehensible in this procedure.

It is unfair and misleading to say that workers would be paying in a billion dollars a year more than they would get back in old-age benefits. It is true that for a considerable period be receiving. That is because in the initial stages the Johns and Jims have been contributing a relatively short time and are therefore entitled to near the minimum. In due time this condition would not obtain. Furthermore, Tom, Dick and Harry would, on their retirement, be entitled to and would receive all that they paid in, plus interest.

The present act was designed to be self-supporting. If it bears down too heavily on the workers, it is an indictment against an economic system which does not permit its workers a sufficient margin to save for old age, because the annuity contracts are more generous than the workingman can find elsewhere.

The pay-as-you-go system is popular because it postpones taxation. But under it the day will arrive when the payroll taxes, even if increased to three percent, are insufficient and the balance of the burden must be covered from general revenues. Paying as you go doesn't reduce the cost—there is no magic wand; it simply shifts part of the burden off the payrolls.

PHILIP S. DAY

Milwaukee, Wis.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Francis Paschal of Chicago says that our admiration for the new Georgia libel law ("A Law Against Blackmail," May 24) is well grounded, but he thinks we ought to add that North Carolina has had an identical provision in its Code since 1901. . . . M. S. Pandiri of New York City wonders why Dr. Benes resigned during the Czecho-Slovakian crisis last fall, in view of his recent statement that the Soviet Union not only was faithful to the very last moment, but would have sent military assistance even though France and England failed to do so. Mr. Pandiri suggests that the Czecho-Slovak people "have been betrayed by the governing class of the former Republic working hand in hand with the finance magnates of London and Paris and even Berlin itself."

Edward Thomas of New York City, commenting upon Max Lerner's criticism of Charles A. Beard, "Beard's 'Economic Interpretation'" (May 10), says that Beard should properly be described as "the spearhead of the economic interpretation of history in higher education, leading there a stream which had already risen in other fields." The stream began, Mr. Thomas writes, with John Bellers, a Quaker who died in 1725. . . . Harry W. Laidler, of the League for Industrial Democracy, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, announces the June Conference of the League to be held at Unity House, near Bushkill, Pennsylvania, from Thursday, June 15, to Sunday, June 18. The Conference will deal with the general subject "Organizing the Forces for Democracy in America." The list of speakers includes Bruce Bliven, Roger Baldwin, Lewis Corey, Henry Pratt Fairchild, John T. Flynn, Clinton S. Golden, W. Jett Lauck, Eduard C. Lindeman and Norman Thomas.

Miss Marie McLaughin, writing for the Council Against Intolerance in America, the Lincoln Building, New York City, sends us a transcript of the Algonquin meeting, called by Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Marc Connelly and Dr. Walter Damrosch to arrange the details of the Independence Day Ceremony which the Council is planning. . . . Two of Europe's foremost novelists, Louis Aragon and Sylvia Townsend Warner, are en route to New York to take part in the public session of the Third American Writers' Congress at Carnegie Hall, on Friday evening, June 2, according to a release from the League of American Writers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Among the other authors scheduled to speak at the meeting are Thomas Mann, Eduard Benes, Louis Bromfield, Langston

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Books in Review

A Soldier of Japan

A THIN LITTLE BOOK entitled "Wheat and Soldiers"[1] has somehow made me realize the war in China more clearly than letters and news dispatches and all the talk and communication there have been about it. Ironically enough, the book is written by a Japanese. He seems to be an ordinary little corporal, Ashihei Hino, but the first pages tell us that ordinary little corporals anywhere do not write like this. It is no surprise, therefore, to find that the author is a recognized and brilliant young Japanese writer, Katsunori Tamai, a native of the island of Kyushu and the son of a stevedore. He had received already Japan's Pulitzer Prize, the Akutagawa Prize—he happened to be fighting in China at the time of the award. He is a popular as well as a literary figure, for all of Japan has read and wept over his stories, memorably over two, "Earth and Soldiers," of which this volume is a complete translation, and "Wheat and Soldiers," which here appears in condensation. The translation is very excellently done by the Baroness Shidzué Ishimoto and there is a foreword by William Henry Chamberlin.

There has been a great deal of curiosity in the United States concerning the Japanese people during this war. As atrocity has been heaped upon atrocity in China by the Japanese and such barbarisms committed as make the most war-hardened among us shudder, increasingly we have wanted to know how the real people in Japan have been taking all this. We have been told again and again that they do not know of it. We hear that the news which comes as a matter of course to our papers is prohibited in Japan and does not come to the knowledge of the people there. But Katsunori Tamai's books have come to them. Within a few months nearly half a million copies of "Wheat and Soldiers" were sold, and ordinary Japanese people, whose men are at the front, know what it is to be an ordinary Japanese soldier fighting in China.

For this is the book—a quiet, grave, simple account by a sensitive, simple young man of what war is, from day to day. Indeed, the book is almost sublime in its simplicity. There is no propaganda, no pompousness, no self-justification, none of the things we have come to expect when Japanese tell us about this war they are waging in China. Here might be any young man talking, a young man who goes to war because he must, and not because he sees any sense to it, or even any direction. Again and again he stresses that none of them sees any general plan. They are moved hither and thither, now told to wait, now to march, now given food, now having to forage for themselves. But the Japanese is revealed in the perfect patience with which all this is borne, in the complete acceptance. There are no cursings and no revilings, nothing but quietness. When rebellion comes it is not against a situation or a condition or against persons, but against the universal waste of war itself, whether of comrade or enemy, though there seems to be no perception of the possibility that such waste might be unnecessary.

And yet there are incidents unbearable in their pathos, as for instance, the child wailing in the night. The young corporal was so wrenched by this piteous wailing that he crept into the darkness to find the child, and yet he could do nothing except to put it into the bosom of the dying peasant mother and creep back again. And when dawn came he had to march on, leaving the living baby cooing in its dead mother's arms. The whole scene makes the tears come to read it—that pitiful little peasant group, caught in flight by Japanese bombs, and their poor pitiful little belongings! One feels the young Japanese heart break as he sees it—but, somehow, even heartbreak does not force him to rebellion against the powers that put him there.

Well, I suppose I feel this book too keenly. For I know as I know the lines of my own face every foot of the countryside about which it is written. Hangchow was the place where my parents spent their first years in China and where I have been many times. Suchowfu and all the countryside about I know from years of my own life there. It happens, incidentally, to be the actual scene of "The Good Earth." So when I read this book by a Japanese and realize that these things of which he writes took place in little villages I know, where I have sat and drunk tea and talked in peace and understanding with the people whom I loved, that the country over which he marches, where peasants lie dying, is country where I walked among good and harmless people, living on their land, that upon these well known country roads they now lie dead and dying, it is too much for me. I cannot fairly review this book. I cannot tell whether the power of its terrible reality is true magic, or only magic for me.

Yet I think it is true magic. And I think this because I cannot detect in it a single false touch. I am compelled, in the midst of my sorrow and anger, to admit that this Japanese is himself a good man and he has written a good book, even a great book, if one is to base greatness upon truth and simplicity and delicate perception of beauty and upon depth of human understanding. What I have to realize is that peculiar Japanese temperament which can go on killing and making war when at the same time it possesses all these matchless qualities. How can this be? But it is. There is something in Japan which has completely subjugated the Japanese soul. It is like a powerful anesthetic which paralyzes all the higher centers while it leaves free and even sharpens all the senses. But there is a numbness in the middle of the soul. Else how explain this complete understanding of the suffering of innocent people, this profound and touching pity for them, this honor, even, given to those who die from their suffering, and yet this inexorable relentless determination to go on producing the horror and the agony and the death? It is not to be explained except by the fact that long traditional obedience to the state has entered into the very being of the Japanese people. It has

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the Japanese. And do not be deceived by the simplicity. It is a simple book in what it means to present. But in what it actually presents it is complex and terrifying. For through this one little corporal, through what he sees and thinks and feels, in his capacity to pity and suffer and endure, and yet to go on doing what he thinks is his duty, and to go on doing it with the very combination of blind devotion and poetry which is his being, we see the Japanese, the most formidable people on the earth. PEARL S. BUCK

Episode in a Poet's Life

Huntsman, What Quarry? by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper and Brothers. 103 pages. $2.

MISS MILLAY's new book is a curious stage in her career. Five years ago, in "Wine from These Grapes," she was writing about subjects outside herself. Most of her poems dealt either with the New England landscape—for which she has an even keener eye than Robert Frost—or else with political themes that were generalized to the point where they could be expressed in classical verse. She had clothed herself in an impersonal dignity that made a strange contrast with her earlier work; but still it was a logical development out of the past and it promised well for the future. Technically she was writing better verse than ever before.

In "Huntsman, What Quarry?" she throws all that aside. She goes back to the city and back to her earlier mood of rebellion, but with the difference that she is now rebelling not only against social conventions—against "the long necks of neighbors sitting where their mothers sat"—but also against herself for having so nearly accepted social conventions. Once more she becomes the principal and almost the only dramatic character in her own poems. The dignity of being impersonal is abandoned for the other sort of dignity that comes from complete and candid self-revelation—the dignity of Villon as against that of Alfred Tennyson.

One of her new poems, "Modern Declaration," begins as a sort of manifesto:

I, having loved ever since I was a child a few things, never having wavered
In these affections; never through shyness in the houses of the rich or in the presence of clergymen having denied these loves;
Never when worked upon by cynics like chiropractors having grunted or clicked a vertebra to the discrediting of these loves;
Never when trying to land a job having diminished them by a conniving smile. . . .

This pronominal subject, with all its modifying particles that give reality to her declaration, is followed by a predicate that seems commonplace and only temporarily sincere: "declare that I shall love you always." But the real predicate consists of all the poems in which she tries to declare just what sort of person she is and has always been.

One respects her candor and lack of self-protectiveness. These qualities are best expressed in a sonnet beginning "I, too, beneath your moon, almost [illegible]"

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metaphor about a cat who built an ivory tower. In general the trouble with self-dramatization is that it requires the poet to be as simple and dramatic a person as Villon was, or as Baudelaire at times pretended to be. Miss Millay was that, in the poems of her Greenwich Village days, but now she presents a more complicated figure. When she tries to recapture her earlier mood, it is likely to be poisoned by fatigue or self-criticism. In one poem she complains that "The young are so old, they are born with their fingers crossed; I shall get no help from them." Another poem, on an assignation, ends with the self-deprecatory phrase, "And I wish I did not feel like your mother." The most successful love poem in the book, "Song for Young Lovers in a City," is one of the two that are completely impersonal:

> To treeless grove, to gray retreat
> Descend in flocks from corniced eaves
> The pigeons now on sooty feet,
> To cover them with linden leaves.

"Huntsman, What Quarry?" is a mixed collection. The title poem is good; so are three sonnets in tetrameter, especially the third, on China; so are "Say That We Saw Spain Die" (comparing the Spanish republic to a bull) and "Underground System" (on the danger of social disintegration at home). "The Princess Recalls Her One Adventure" is tender, neat and certain to reappear in the anthologies. On the other hand, most of the conversation pieces are so minutely honest that they become trivial or sentimental; a little insincerity might have helped them. Six poems on the death of Elinor Wylie read like formal letters of condolence. A series called "Theme and Variations" is an intermingling of love and hurt pride and hatred that almost becomes hysteria. The sonnets that compose the last section are vastly inferior to those in "Wine from These Grapes." The book as a whole is an episode in the history of a distinguished poet. At the worst, it is a blind alley.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Travels Toward Democracy

Orestes A. Brownson: A Pilgrim's Progress, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 330 pages. $2.50.

To grasp the importance of Orestes Brownson, the historian must needs have roamed almost as widely as Brownson himself. Damned as a Jacobin in 1840, damned as a convert to Catholicism in 1844, the stormy editor of The Boston Quarterly Review seemed to his contemporaries one of the most baffling men of his generation. He started out as a Universalist preacher; became a member of the Workingmen's Party of New York, a disciple of the atheistic Fanny Wright, an Owenite materialist; turned social Christian and wrote an extravagant Utopia that no one understood; helped Emerson, Theodore Parker, Bronson Alcott and George Ripley found the Transcendentalist Club; almost simultaneously began inflaming Boston workingmen with bitter propaganda about the class struggle; in 1840 wrote, as Mr. Schlesinger says, the best labor polemic produced in ante-bellum America; in 1842 startled even time alternately red-baiting non-Catholics and worrying his Catholic colleagues, who seemed to him too conservative.

That was his record looked at seriatim. A cross-section was equally bewildering. He was, or aspired to be, at the same time theologian, philosopher, economist, political theorist, politician. Worst of all, he never had time to bring his ideas together into a systematic treatise. The Boston Quarterly Review and its successor, Brownson's Quarterly Review—twenty-nine solid volumes of them—were a kind of intellectual diary, with all the defects of a diary: discursive, filled with unresolved contradictions and passing enthusiasms, they served up the raw material of thought along with the finished product. What he was looking for in the European thinkers he studied so feverishly was half-hidden behind his interminable expositions of their systems. Except when he made his meaning all too clear, as in his essays on the laboring classes, his transcendentalist associates understood his purposes only dimly. When he turned Catholic, they repudiated him entirely.

After the Civil War Brownson was almost forgotten outside the Catholic community, for which he represented a prize somewhat comparable to Newman. Cultural historians have found it easy to disregard him. You couldn't explain him in terms of any of the great visions of American history provided by a Turner or a Beard. What could a Turnerite say of a man who in 1840 knew all about "the frontier" and thought it only a passing escape? How, with the leads that Beard gives us, could you understand a creature who wrote acutely on the economic interpretation but called himself a transcendentalist and later on a Catholic? Historians dismissed him good-naturedly as a curiosity, a capricious "changeling," a "logic-chopper."

When a competent appreciation of Brownson is so long overdue, it seems paradoxical to call Mr. Schlesinger's biography premature. He has resurrected Brownson's articles on the laboring classes; described him as a transitional figure between utopian and scientific socialism; portrayed his disillusionment after democracy disgraced itself in the election of 1840; analyzed Brownson's efforts to liberalize Catholicism. The book bears the hallmark of extensive scholarly research; it shows an admirable gift for portraiture. More than that, it gives an inkling of Brownson's insight into some of the dilemmas of capitalist democracy. It is not Mr. Schlesinger's fault that the tools at his disposal—the preliminary studies for an American cultural history—are inadequate to produce a satisfying portrait of one of the most complex figures in our heritage. More than any of his contemporaries, Brownson threw himself into the main stream of the conflicting social theories that swept Europe in the interval between the French Revolution and the Communist Manifesto. Not being grounded in these theories, Mr. Schlesinger is at a loss to estimate how much Brownson borrowed from them, how much from American radicals, and how much he contributed in his own right. He praises Brownson for his plagiarisms and overlooks his real contribution.

That is a pity. For if you approach Brownson with an ear attuned to the overtones and undertones of his problems, he becomes more than an interesting link in the chain of pre-Marxist socialisms. He was the first American who

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understand that struggle. His terminology was often archaic and his vision limited; but the broad categories under which he viewed the problem were disturbingly modern. The futility of seeking voluntary coöperation between classes economically antagonistic; the role of the myth (Brownson called it morality, Christianity, even God) in disciplining majority rule; the implications for democracy of the corrupting effect of the capitalist system; the relationship of minority rights to majority rule: such things as these tortured Brownson. Unsystematic, eclectic, facing all problems at once, he sometimes hardly knew himself what was troubling him. To understand him you have to shear away the archaisms and mold a skeleton for his thought. When you have finished you have a man who faced, as we are facing, the tragic question, "If you mean democracy."

HELEN S. MIMS

A Writer on His Way

The Horse That Could Whistle "Dixie," by Jerome Weidman. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

JEROME WEIDMAN's two novels have been so restricted to letting you see (as the girl from the Claridge put it) what makes the heels go round, that this first collection of his stories gives the first chance to study what he likes to do in his off moments. Also the book has a sober little preface that says more about the discipline of becoming a writer for general publication than has been said outside of Maugham's "The Summing Up." He tells the trouble he had getting a story so it would work out in a straight line, and the trouble there is in making a thing come out on paper the way you had it in your head. And some very hurt looks are going to spread across some very editorial faces, because Weidman does not call a spade a blue pencil when it comes to the average magazine editor.

I have always been struck with how quickly a feeling of dignity and prescience arises from the connection of the fanny with a swivel chair. People with a natural talent for house-to-house canvassing can look steadily at an inbox reading "Mss." for no more than a week before deciding that editorship is a very deep thing, stern responsibilities and thrills too, and what your book or your story needs is a little of, well, etcetera. With these vague but wordy gentlemen he found only grief: he wanted to cooperate but learned finally that the successful stories are those you write yourself.

Jerome Weidman restricts himself deliberately. In "The Horse That Could Whistle 'Dixie'" (a wonderful trick title, though there is no horse that whistles anything in it), there are twenty-eight stories, sixteen of them Jewish-family-community pieces. Thus idiom and custom provide the difference that a more universal type of story must go farther to achieve. The absolute in self-contained and stony ego is one of his favorite characters, and at least fourteen of the stories move on this principle—some of them through the action of a heartless character on decent and appealing folk, four of them just triple-tough throughout. With no formula or idea of falsification, he has sensed that if you start with a complete inversion of all moral values, and

REFUGEES

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Associate Professor of Education, New York University

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matically take the place of any more difficult element of story-surprise or point.

Two or three stories toward the end were confessedly tailored and plotted almost out of existence by editors who knew what they liked. There is one story that would have measured up to its ambition if the author had been sure enough about its intentions to point them up from the start ("—And Everything Nice"). But I think the one that stands out longest is "The Explorers," which is one of the most brilliant, brassy and unexpected things you ever read. There is almost no story to "My Father Sits in the Dark" or "Goodbye Forever," but the compassion and sweetness in Weidman can be measured by the quality of beauty about the father sitting quietly and late in his kitchen chair, and in the touching homely bravery of the mother at her boy's party.

Whatever he is up to, Weidman keeps things and people going with the light, shrewd economy of his narrative and dialogue style. He likes the flexibility of the first person, and never gets lost in the usual miltgrossment with dialogue-as-effect, because he writes with his mind fixed on truth in character and his ears ringing with the easy and natural swing of speech:

> But I told her love my eye, I said, no Joosh fellah's gonna ride from Bayonne, New Jersey, to the Bronx on Yom Kippur even he's coming to see, I don't know, Greta *Garbo!*

If it weren't for two successive distortions' being followed by "gonna"—that near-cousin of the dese-dem-da school of phonetic babytalk—the thing would be perfect: it demonstrates the best ear for active speech since Paul Horgan's "Lamp on the Plains." Even without this, Weidman would be a constant source of things we never knew till now, about offices, fellahs and angles, the gommint industry and home on the Concourse. What such rare talents will bring him to in literature we can't say yet, for he still seems to be feeling around for a main opening, and his troubles with the problem of sudden literary money are hinted at in his preface. But wherever it brings him, I can say I would like to be there.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Ogre and the Umbrella

Europe in the Fourth Dimension, by V. Poliakoff (Augur). New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 104 pages. $1.25.

To the readers of The New York Times, the name of Mr. Poliakoff-Augur is not unfamiliar. His cables from London, written in a highly authoritative tone and containing an unusually high percentage of synthetic inside stories and anti-Soviet insinuations, are always prominently displayed. His other achievements are now spread on the cover of his book: he fled the Soviets in 1919, is an admirer of Mussolini and "England's imperial mission," and his influence with Chamberlain is so tremendous that "a word from him" caused Eden's resignation. In brief, Augur is an emigré who has forgotten none of his hatreds, and has learned nothing but the British art of being complacent. British Tories' mentality at the precise moment when they realize that Hitler may push westward instead of eastward. At last they understand that fascism and Nazism "are closer together than people think"; and Germany is indeed "the" Great Aggressor. But the hopes from the previous era still hang on; a trembling umbrella still points eastward to remind Hitler that "the problem of the Ukraine is the ghost in Europe," and in accents of despair Mussolini's partnership with Hitler is denounced as a result of the democracies' lack of "psychological sensitiveness"—for Italian "dictatorship," Augur thinks, is very different from German "tyranny." As a last resort, like the devil who disguises himself as a monk, the manufacturer of inside news piously invokes the "fourth dimension," *i. e.*, the Spirit. Apart from being a dimension and an "angle," this Spirit is the "idea of the Dominion of the White Race" mixed with the usual trivialities about individualism and totalitarianism and the inevitable phrases about the Higher Conscience.

To those who insist on explaining the Munich policies by stupidity rather than diabolical scheming, Augur's little book will serve as an almost unanswerable argument.

NORBERT GUTERMAN

Ernst Toller

In the fall of 1918, and in the years that followed, a young generation passionately believed: "This is the beginning of a new era! The monstrous suffering must not have been in vain. For four years man has been abused and violated. Now at last he is again finding himself. *Man is good. . . .*"

"When we heard the word 'mankind' or 'humanity' in those days," Ernst Toller often told me, "tears came into our eyes!" He was the great voice, the legitimate representative of the German post-war generation. His very first works became world famous. The youth of all lands recognized its own hope, its angers and sorrows, in the dramas of young Ernst Toller: "Man and Masses," "Hinkemann" and "The Machine Wreckers." And behind his work stood the legend of his political martyrdom. Five long years, from 1919 to 1924, were spent by this militant humanist, this intellectual who was at the same time a man of action, in a Bavarian fortress as punishment for placing his talent and passion at the service of the German revolution.

Toller fought against infamy because he had a profound belief in the good in man. It was never merely a party or a political group with which he identified himself. His militant enthusiasm was placed in the service of the greatest and simplest ideas: freedom, justice, peace. He warned of the barbarism that threatened Germany when most of us were still blind. When his fears for our homeland were realized and Ernst Toller had become our fellow exile, he avoided the common error of seeing in Nazism the *sole* form in which infamy expresses itself. To cite but one example, he was deeply concerned with the tragedy of the Spanish people, and he translated his concern into action. He was a citizen of the world, and for him the term "mankind" always retained the stirring fascination it had when he was twenty years old.

Today one may well ask: if he believed so passionately in

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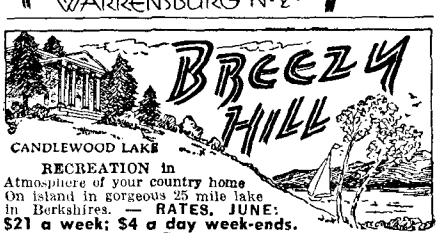

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It is a long story. In trying to tell it one would have to go into much detail, and in the end there would still remain something dark and unresolved, the secret that man takes into his grave.

To be sure, there are reasons that one can give for Toller's fateful decision. Besides the bitterness of exile, the defeat of one's ideals, the personal and political frustrations common to all those in exile, he had more than his share of personal troubles. His nervous system never quite recovered from the five years he spent in prison; his insomnia often assumed the character of an agonizing illness. He was tortured by doubts as to whether or not his last works—especially his play "Pastor Hall"—found the response he had expected. The defeat of the Spanish republic meant to him much more than merely a political catastrophe. In Toller's character an almost naïve confidence was blended with an inclination toward melancholia. He feared it and sought to conquer it. All his ambition was centered in the desire to march ahead like a soldier. Deep inside he believed in the victory of his great, simple ideals. But time and again there came those dark hours, those sinister weeks, that were harder and harder for him to surmount.

The Nazis are jeering at his memory; to them his death means one less who dares to fight for what they think are outworn ideals of truth and justice. It is frightening and almost incredible that there should be Americans—even though but a few—who join in this chorus of infamy. Toller loved America—loved it perhaps more than any other country since he had to leave Germany. Yet it was an American—Mr. George H. Deatherage, national commander of the Knights of the White Camellia—who declared before a congressional committee that he and his sort were responsible for Toller's suicide. The fact that Mr. Deatherage is wrong is of small account. It is unlikely that Toller ever took notice of the Knights of the White Camellia. His concern over the growth of anti-Semitism could hardly have been so deep as his faith in the sound moral forces of this great democracy. No, the American fascists did not murder Ernst Toller: the enormity lies in the fact that they *boast* of having murdered him. Even Dr. Goebbels has not yet ascended to those heights of provocative and almost insane cynicism. KLAUS MANN

New Books: A Reader's List

ECONOMICS OF PEASANT FARMING, by Doreen Warriner (Oxford, $4.25). A carefully documented study of how the peasants of Europe try—and usually fail—to make both ends meet under widely differing economic systems. The material is well organized, and enlivened by many excellent photographs. Contrast is provided in chapters dealing with the peasant problems of Germany and the Soviet Union.

PRIDE AND PASSION: ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796, by DeLancey Ferguson (Oxford, $3). Burns's own avowal, "My great constituent elements are Pride and Passion," gives the guiding concepts of this exposition of his character. To an excellent use of the information in Snyder's "Life," Professor Ferguson has added much new material. Although its thesis is probably not a complete and defini-

THE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER, by William Sloane (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). For mystery fans. The story of an eminent scientist who tries, by rigidly checked scientific methods, to prove that we can communicate with the dead. It doesn't depend on stage tricks for its effect; there are potentialities here of real horror.

THE PERPLEXED HEART, by Angela du Maurier (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A sympathetic tale of an English lady whose loses her first love and never finds another, which doesn't stop her from trying. Those interested in the *amours* of a fascinating woman will have found plenty to satisfy them by the end of the novel. Others will stop halfway.

MASQUERADE, by Vincent Brun (Carrick and Evans, $2.50). A swift, bitter novel of a liberal Austrian journalist, his Hungarian girl and a Nazi agent in Tuscany. They start out being rather flippant, but you know that their pretty dreams will soon turn into a nightmare. This is Mr. Brun's first book in English and he's not yet entirely at home in it.

THE HEROES, by Millen Brand (Simon and Schuster, $2). A novel about war veterans in a present-day Home: the gray hopelessness of their life, with the same eternal round of meals, hours, card games, worn and idle reminiscence. They are on the edge of a dying New England factory town, where even if they had money there would be little to do with it. Two of them escape to work, by the narrowest margin and with doubtful futures. A sober and thorough job, but it makes rather low-pressure fiction.

NEXT TO VALOR, by John Jennings (Macmillan, $2.75). About New England during the French and Indian Wars. The hero observes General Wolfe's military dictum (that vigilance and caution are the next best qualities) in his struggles with the wilderness, but not in his life with a faithless wife. A poorly organized novel, and overlong, but the background is excitingly new.

Contributors

ROY TOZIER is a free-lance newspaper and magazine writer. He is director of research for the Friends of Democracy, an anti-Fascist organization.

RIDGELEY TORRENCE is the author of several volumes of verse and of several plays for the Negro theatre, the best known being "The Rider of Dreams."

GEORGE SELDES is the author of "The Freedom of the Press" and, most recently, "Lords of the Press." His other books include a biography of Mussolini, "Sawdust Caesar."

HENRY C. WOLFE has written for numerous magazines on Central European affairs, and is the author of "The German Octopus." He visits Poland and the Baltic region each year.

PEARL S. BUCK was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1938. Her most recent novel—of Chinese life, like the trilogy including "The Good Earth"—is "The Patriot."

HELEN S. MIMS, formerly assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences, is at work on a study of the American social reformers of the 1840's, one section of which has recently appeared in Science and Society under the title of "Early American Democratic Theory and Orestes A. Brownson."

NORBERT GUTERMAN, who has a doctorate from the Sorbonne, writes for magazines in America and Paris.

KLAUS MANN is the author, with his sister, Erika Mann, of "Escape into Life," a book about the exiles from

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